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THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

THE somewhat uncertain but alarming rumours as to the result of ISHAK KHAN's insurrection in Afghanistan must serve to draw greater interest to the subjects of the two expeditions—one actually at work in Sikkim, the other about to start for the Black Mountain. The nearest of these places to Afghanistan is, indeed, some way from it, though only on the other side of one of the blocks of No-Man's Land which separate English from Afghan territory; the other is far away. Yet both expeditions are part of that system of frontier defence which, intelligently appreciated after many days and great losses, may, if evil influences at home do not interfere, suffice to keep safe from the attempts of its enemies the greatest colonial empire that any country, not excepting even Rome or Spain, has ever formed. In itself and for itself we care nothing for Afghanistan, and we care less than nothing for the valleys and peaks and passes of the Black Mountain or of the Kinchingunga district. They are important simply because they are part of the wall and ditch of Hindostan and of the chain of outworks beyond that wall and ditch. Of these Afghanistan is incomparably the most important, of course; but as yet we cannot be said to be directly interested in the latest disturbance of Afghan affairs; it will only be when the AMEER is clearly disabled from holding his own that we shall have to interfere. At present there are two directly contradictory sets of reports, which are clearly capable of having arisen from the same set of actual facts. According to one, ISHAK is marked down by converging armies; according to the other he has a central force ready to act against whichever of his foes he may choose to crush, and the insurrection is spreading. A few days may give more certain information.

At first sight there may appear to be a very singular disproportion between the two expeditions actually on hand. We have left about two thousand men, and not long ago we had left considerably less, to defend an attacked State, to repulse forces drawn from a vast district, and to serve as outposts to populous and fertile settlements. Perhaps it is due to the lesson of this very expedition that the expedition to the Black Mountain is being organized on a very different scale. Two brigades, consisting of fourteen regiments of infantry, five of them English, a regiment of cavalry, a company of sappers, three batteries of artillery, eight thousand men in all, with five thousand mules and other appurtenances, are to be sent to chastise the tribes who killed Major BATTYE and Captain URMSTON. There is, we are told, to be no annexation, and certainly no one who knows anything about the country will wish for any at the present moment, though the experience of Russia in the Caucasus is rather in favour of gradual and judicious occupation of hill regions. But we are very far from blaming the *abundans cautela* which has dictated the assembling and despatch of this not so very little and certainly very complete army. We have again and again suffered for sending too small expeditions on such errands—indeed, there are those who say that the Sikkim trouble has arisen from no very dissimilar cause—we have seldom or never suffered from sending too large a one. Moreover, there are very special reasons for making an ample display of force in this instance. The Akasais whom we have to punish occupy one of the skirts and frontiers of that great debateable ground between India, Afghanistan, and the Trans-Himalayan regions, the most general, though by no means the inclusive, title of which is Kafiristan, and which with its minor districts of Swat, Chitral, and what not, follows the Hindu Koosh as it runs up north of the Himalaya proper to the Kara Korum and the other mountains on the further side of Thibet. Beyond these

countries are the passes leading into Turkestan, and presenting, through, not one, but a dozen and more "gates of India," a route to the north or south, far more direct, and not perhaps through really more difficult country than the routes which lead by the Khyber and the Bolan. It is very far from the intention of any wise man prematurely to make Kafiristan an English province; but it is certainly desirable to impress on the rest of the inhabitants of this and the neighbouring district, as we have already done on some of them by Colonel LOCKHART's mission, that England is not after all so very far off, that she is good to have as a friend and bad to have as an enemy. Perhaps the chief fear is that the Akasais will be harder to catch than in Biblical language to "teach" when caught.

There is also, it may be, another reason for not making too imposing a display of force in the valleys and passes north of Darjeeling. No foreign Power has any right to feel jealous at our carrying on military operations in the Black Mountain, or anywhere from there up to the Barogil Pass. It is very well known that there is a foreign Power which we particularly do not wish to annoy, and which, although professing all good will to us in Sikkim and elsewhere, is far from being free from jealousy in regard to operations beyond Sikkim and in Thibet. It was said a few days ago that China had asked for and received assurances that no offensive or invading policy lay behind the reinforcements sent to Gnatong; and, though the question is a rather nice one in mere international law, there is no doubt that it was politic to give the assurance. Theoretically, no doubt, it is as much the duty of China to prevent her vassals from invading our territory as it is our duty to abstain from invading the territory of the vassals of China. But the good offices which China has promised to use, and which we are bound to suppose that she is using for us in Thibet, make it no more than decent to respect her sensibilities, more particularly as not the rashest of Indian subalterns can have any violent desire to try campaigning over passes fifteen and twenty thousand feet high at the beginning of winter. Still it must be very sincerely hoped that the policy of politeness will not go too far. Except Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, and by this time perhaps not even with that exception, nobody has a doubt that the Thibetans have committed, and continue to commit, wanton aggression upon English troops in a State protected by and practically vassal to England. This clearly cannot be permitted, and if the Emperor of CHINA cannot keep his vassal in order, the vassal must be kept in order by other means. The delay of the threatened Thibetan attack, as of the attack on the Thibetans, may be due merely to the weather, but it may also not improbably be a sign that the Lamas are thinking twice before acting against the advice of their suzerain, and bringing the whole power of British India on their heads as well.

The policy of these expeditions is so simple that they should require no sort of defence; and, indeed, though English politics have not in all respects improved of late years, there seems to be at least an idea in the heads of all but the more incorrigible sort of Radical that they do require little. They are practically one with the other policy, not of offensive, or even defensive, warfare, but of peaceful action, of which good examples have been given recently by the chartering of the East African Company, and the extension of the British Borneo Company's sway. The one class of expansion, no doubt sometimes, if not always, leads to the other; but that is unavoidable. In the present temper of rival European nations judicious extension and sharp looking after what we have got are alike necessary. British India itself began in no other way than by concessions from native princes like those of Brunei and Zanzibar. With regard to this last and latest

establishment of a younger "John Company," in a district much connected with India itself, it seems a little unreasonable to grumble because we have not got all the nominal dominions of the SULTAN, as, it is said, we might have done some years ago. That was in the days when even Tories had a vague idea that the "weary Titan" and his "too vast orb" were pretty and sensible notions enough. Thanks chiefly to certain, not perhaps too good, friends of ours who have shown themselves extremely willing to pick up any too vast orbs that the Titan is weary of, a considerable difference of opinion seems to have come in. But India was made, not by concessions and charters only, but by the men who made use of the concessions and charters, and so must it be in East Africa, in West Africa, in the Borneo Seas, and everywhere. Hitherto, at least, the breed of such men has in India never been wanting; if the younger Companies can propagate it, there is not much fear of German or Frenchman or Freestate competing with them. At first, it may be permitted to hope that the British East African Company will show either less spirit or more wits than those valiant, but not fortunate or wise, persons on Lake Nyassa the other day who seem to have taken up a gratuitous crusade against slave-dealers, and to have been soundly beaten by those miscreants. The Masai, unless Mr. THOMSON romances, will give plenty of opportunity for a judicious combination of diplomacy and war; but such races are, after all, always the most profitable to colonize in the long run. Whether this new region, if properly worked, may not prove a route back to that Upper Nile which never ought to have been lost, and other questions of the same sort, may perhaps be postponed for the present. The death of Major BARTTELOT can but be a matter of universal regret and sympathy with his family, yet the blood of Englishmen has always been the seed of the English Empire, and if the expense is heavy the return is great. The very establishment of the East African Company will lessen the danger of such calamities in future by affording a surer basis for exploration. Let us meanwhile only wish all good luck to the venture, and repeat that it cannot take better pattern than by the undertaking which not so many centuries ago was started with certainly not more favourable chances, and which has come to so great a thing.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

IT may not improbably be proved that the Canadian and English critics who have maintained from the first that Mr. CLEVELAND's policy of retaliation was exclusively intended to serve an electioneering purpose are perfectly in the right. The PRESIDENT's Bill has been passed with practical unanimity; and in form, therefore, Congress has committed itself to a policy of active hostility against Canada and of indirect unfriendly activity against England. But there is strong reason for believing that the introduction and passing of the Bill were of the nature of a demonstration, and nothing more. It would almost certainly be found that any attempt to retaliate in the manner threatened would entail a disturbance of American business on the northern frontier which would do as much harm to the States as to their neighbour. This is a nearly sufficient reason why the Bill should never be applied, and was doubtless present in the minds of both parties when they voted for it—the Democrats because they were bound to support their man and wished to worry their opponents, the Republicans because they could not refuse without apparently contradicting themselves in a damaging manner. It is doubtless undignified to assume a bullying attitude towards a friendly Power when it is thoroughly well known that no war can come of it. But it is for the Americans to be concerned about the dignity of their politics. Our interest in the matter is its probable practical consequence for ourselves—and that may not be found to amount to much. On the Canadian side there appears to be no inclination to aggravate the situation. The more responsible politicians decline to follow the bad example set them at Washington, and give no encouragement to inflated language. No great importance need be given to the angry talk of a few Canadians who threaten secession if they are not supported. They have been supported and will be. As Sir CHARLES TUPPER pointed out at the Cutlers' Feast, the treaty, in spite of its final rejection, was a distinct step towards a final settlement. It was undoubtedly accepted as satisfactory by the PRESIDENT and a majority of the House of Representatives. The oppo-

sition to it was purely local. The vote by which ratification was refused in the Senate was of the most purely party character, and the Republican majority was very small. In all future negotiations Canadian and English representatives will be entitled to take Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's draft treaty as a model. The Federal Government cannot refuse to consider a compromise which it had already acknowledged to be fair. If in the meantime the policy of retaliation is actually applied the Canadians must defeat it by a vigorous use of their own resources. The loss of a trade route across a portion of United States territory may be compensated by the development of their own ports and lines. For the rest, it is the only possible compensation. The alternatives to doing without the American lines and enduring the obstruction to trade—are either submission to the United States or war. Nobody in Canada or England suggests either as practical resources.

The letters of acceptance written by the rival candidates make little or no mention of the Fishery dispute and its consequences. From them it appears that the Presidential election will be fought out on the lines laid down months ago. President CLEVELAND has been accused of having shrunk from carrying through the Free-trade policy which he then advocated. The accusation is unjust. His letter proves that he is still favourable to the policy which he advocated in his Message to Congress. He does not call it Free-trade; but neither did he then. The expression is too unpopular in America to be safely employed. But whatever name he uses or declines to use, President CLEVELAND is substantially in favour of a financial policy which will impose duties mainly for revenue purposes, will take duties off raw materials, and so widen the market of the American purchaser. He recommends this policy on the ground that it will relieve the taxpayer and help to break down the great trade monopolies called trusts. These are the aims and this is the policy of the Free traders of all countries; and, if President CLEVELAND and the Democratic party can have their way, they probably care very little whether they are debarred from the use of the phrase Free-trade. The strength of the Protectionist feeling in the United States is so great that no politician could safely disregard it. Mr. CLEVELAND and the Democratic party are bound to promise to protect American workmen, but they undertake to do so by restricting pauper immigration and by depriving great trade syndicates of the control of the home market. The first promise is a concession to a class feeling which is as strong in our own colonies as in the United States. The second does at least indicate a definite policy. General HARRISON's letter cannot be said to do as much. A large part of it consists of accusations of want of patriotism, and other similar appeals to prejudice. As regards the tariff question, the Republicans can only say that the Democrats are playing into the hands of foreigners. They have no suggestion to make as to what is to be done with the immense and embarrassing surplus. They are in the right in asserting that the Democrats have taken a step towards Free-trade, and that "the important question is 'not so much the length of the step as the direction of it.' Unquestionably the Democrats have decided in favour of a policy of taxation for revenue purposes mainly. This has not been popular hitherto, and the Republicans naturally make the most of their opportunity to fix the charge of want of patriotism on the other side. But the unique financial position of the United States makes some attempt to settle the question absolutely necessary; and, as between two parties of which one has a policy and the other has not, the advantage ought to be with the first. The Republicans are sufficiently well aware of the fact to feel compelled to promise to "revise the schedule, and 'modify the rates,' but with the proviso that this must 'be done with an intelligent provision as to the effect 'upon domestic production and the wages of our working 'people.' The difficulty, however, is precisely this, that the protective tariff, which the Republicans maintain to be 'constitutional, wholesome, and necessary,' may draw more money from the taxpayer than is required for any administrative purpose. What is to be done with that surplus? The Democrats maintain that it should be left in the taxpayer's pocket. The Republicans have no suggestion to offer. The choice before the American electors is, whether they prefer to pay heavily to keep up prices, or to be less taxed and face more competition.

The question as to the line to be taken with the "trusts" will or ought to serve to bring the rival financial policies of the parties to a test. These trusts are monopolies of the most

oppressive kind. Manufacturers and merchants combine to get and to keep the command of the market by playing into one another's hands, and refusing to deal with those who will not submit to their terms. In some few cases the trusts deal with materials which are not likely to be imported into America, but the majority are undoubtedly assisted by the protective tariff which shelters them from foreign competition. The result is what all the history of commerce shows might have been looked for. The syndicates have acted on the example of the Dutch, who found it more profitable to grow a few spice trees, and sell dear, than to grow many, and sell cheap. A small and high-priced output saves wages, expenses of supervision, of freight, and leaves a greater margin of profit. The trusts have accordingly acted as business men will always act when they can. They have put a limit on output, and have kept up prices. This is a policy which has occasionally found favour with English workmen in hard times—but the history of the trusts will show them that it has other results than the prevention of a glut in the market. If less is to be made, fewer hands are needed to make it. So the trusts, when once they have obtained the upper hand, shut up mills, with compensation to the owner, no doubt, but none to the workmen, who are turned into the streets. In other cases they dismiss men by the thousand, or put them on half time. Over-production may have the same consequences, but at least it keeps down prices. In the United States the dismissals and partial loss of work are evils deliberately imposed by the syndicates in order to keep up prices. American workmen may begin to doubt whether a policy which makes them pay dear and does not give them secure work and high wages is so "whole—some" as the Republicans maintain. The trusts are heartily abused by both parties, but while the Republicans have no remedy to offer except special legislation of the old-fashioned penal kind, which failed entirely in Europe, the Democrats propose to break the rings down by enabling the importer to compete with them. Of this last policy it may at least be asserted that, if it does not ruin the rings, it will prevent them from keeping up prices.

THE MURDER IN HANBURY STREET.

NEITHER the police nor their enemies in the press can be sincerely congratulated upon the circumstances which have attended the fourth Whitechapel murder. It is absurd to expect that a crime committed with a singular mixture of ferocity and deliberation, in a crowded city, at an early hour of the morning, will be at once discovered. On the other hand, it is scandalous that protection for life should be practically withheld from a populous and turbulent district of the East End. The police in Whitechapel and Spitalfields, but not in Whitechapel and Spitalfields only, are notoriously undermanned. Whether, if the rate-payers could legally be consulted, they would consent to any appreciable increase of the force may perhaps be doubted. The Local Government Act, however, has not altered the law in this respect, and the Metropolitan Police remain under the direct control of the Home Office. Mr. MATTHEWS is responsible to Parliament for securing and maintaining their efficiency. This duty he has hitherto discharged by no means adequately, and the inhabitants of London, especially of its poorer districts, have good reason to complain of his neglect. The ordinary London constable has quite as much work to do as human nature will endure, and adding to its amount would certainly diminish its effectiveness. Unfortunately there is another fault to be found with Scotland Yard besides its lack of numerical strength. The quality of the English detective has seriously declined. The London police have many excellent qualities. They are brave, well disciplined, and forbearing. In the pursuit and capture of armed burglars, themselves unarmed, they display that cool, determined, two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage, which is among the highest merits of the professional soldier. Nothing could be better than their treatment of disorderly mobs, and perhaps the best tribute to their services in this respect is the rancorous abuse of those journalists and agitators who habitually encourage riot. But in the detection of criminals they have fallen below their old standard, below the standard of foreign countries, especially France and America, even below the level attained by the police in the great provincial towns. The masterly manner

in which the Birmingham detectives unearthed and apprehended a gang of dynamiters four or five years ago contrasts disagreeably with the rapidly-growing catalogue of undiscovered crimes in the metropolis. Whatever may be the precise cause of Mr. MONROE's resignation, it is to be hoped that both Mr. MATTHEWS and Sir CHARLES WARREN will give their immediate attention to a matter which so intimately affects the safety of life in every class of the community.

If the professional detective is a necessity of civilization, the amateur detective is the curse of society. GABORIAU, in *L'Affaire Lerouge*, gave countenance to the mischievous theory that a retired tradesman, with time on his hands, is likely to be successful in running down crafty and accomplished scoundrels. That edifying writer, M. ALEXIS BOUVIER, inclines to a belief in enterprising journalists. It seems to be now established, beyond the possibility of doubt or cavil, that the speculative reporter of an evening newspaper takes what he would himself call the cake. The evidence at the inquest on ANNIE CHAPMAN shows that the rubbish printed about "Leather Apron" in a Radical evening paper was not only silly, but cruel and dangerous. Mr. JOHN PISER may or may not be a credit to his age and race. But there has never been a particle of evidence to connect him with Mrs. CHAPMAN's death, and the utterly unfounded attack made upon him might, in the panic which prevailed, have cost him his life. We shall not follow the example of those who have favoured the public with a startling variety of "views," from the curious assumption of Dr. FORBES WINSLOW that the murderer is a gentleman to the foul and unmentionable imaginings of gutter journalism. It is pleasant to believe that a number of horrible deeds have all been committed by the same person, and if we go on to accept with confidence the hypothesis that the malefactor is a lunatic, our belief in the approaching perfectibility of mankind is the less likely to be disturbed. Under the influence of these two soothing and comfortable articles of faith, a dead set is being judiciously made upon the nomad imbecility of a heterogeneous population. The mentally afflicted, in spite of Mr. WYNNE BAXTER's remarks to JOHN PISER, might do worse than stay at home for a season. If the four murders are, indeed, the work of one man, there is a good deal of method in his madness, he is tolerably well acquainted with anatomy, and, as Lord BRAXFIELD said to the "clever chiel" in the dock, he would be "none the waur o' a hanging." For our part, we decline to admit anything of the sort. Crime begets crime. There are epidemics of murder, as of measles, and a little circumstantial evidence, especially if accompanied by an inquiry whether it was anybody's interest to put the victims out of the way, is worth bushels of moral generalizations. A murder has been discovered by a single inkspot. But nothing ever came of a hundred platitudes, except a hundred and first.

COSSEY CHURCH.

A FEW days ago Dr. JESSOPP, who is generally considered to be a competent antiquary, wrote to the *Times* to complain of the "restoration" of Cossey Church, and two further letters have appeared on the subject. The first of these letters is from the churchwardens of Cossey, and they reveal a curious fact. It seems that there are still people who have money which they are willing to give for the "restoration" of a church without stipulating either that the "restoration" should be carried out subject to the approval of the existing Societies or at least that an architect of standing should be employed. The churchwardens describe the state of the case in a sentence. "We appealed successfully to the public, and found ourselves with 600*l.*" This was a trying moment. What could the poor churchwardens do then? What could any "restoration committee" we ever heard of do under such circumstances? There was but one course open to them, and they took it. "Archaeologists," they say, "had not troubled us in the past." Now, when the archaeologists did trouble them, they, with the profound knowledge of art and the proud consciousness of power engendered by the possession of the vast sum named, proceeded to do their worst. They deny that they had destroyed five windows. They have only destroyed four. Dr. JESSOPP says there were remnants of the old tracery in the nave. The churchwardens deny it; the tracery was not in the nave, it was built up into the walls. Dr. JESSOPP says there was a con-

siderable quantity of old stained glass. The churchwardens reply that there was not more than two square feet; and that it is not destroyed, only removed. In short, without the further evidence supplied by a letter from Mr. HERBERT CARPENTER, the important part of Dr. JESSOPP's case is proved, though the accuser may have put it a little picturesquely. But, if anything is wanting, we have it in Mr. CARPENTER's straightforward and simple statement. An application was made, presumably by the churchwardens, to the Incorporated Church Building Society. The Committee of the Society referred the matter to Mr. EWAN CHRISTIAN and Mr. CARPENTER as experts. Mr. CHRISTIAN visited the church himself, and formed a strong opinion against the "restoration" proposed, seeing a possibility of "preserving" "so very interesting a church." Mr. CARPENTER does not remember that the plans relating to the chancel were formed at the time; but no doubt the appetite for "restoration" was whetted by the 600*l.* aforesaid. He does not hesitate to call the work carried out in the chancel by the name of "destruction"; and he adds that some years ago he sketched the windows on account of their remarkable characteristics—characteristics now wholly removed by the churchwardens and their miserable 600*l.*

In another column of the same number of the *Times* there is an almost interminable letter from one of the greatest of the "restorers"—Lord GRIMTHORPE—in which he agrees with Dr. JESSOPP as to the ruin of Cossey, but goes on to lay down once more the very same principles which have been the cause of that destruction. We need not go into them here. They all stand on the false assumption that one and the same building can be both new and old at the same time. We are liberal enough in our views of such matters to allow that the question is a matter of opinion. Lord GRIMTHORPE and those who hold with him think that the vandalism he has perpetrated at St. Albans really represent ancient work. We, and others, are of opinion that they do not. But there are two or three reflections which do not appear in Lord GRIMTHORPE's letter and are worth making. When a work of this kind is to be done, how do its promoters, even though they may have gathered 600*l.*, go about the task of finding an architect? Surely no qualified architect would do such things. Of course, as we all know, at St. Albans no architect was employed. But in the case of Cossey we are not informed. In the case of St. Stephen's, Walbrook—one of the worst of our time—we must, of course, assume that no architect was employed. No educated architect, nor even an educated layman like Lord GRIMTHORPE, would undertake to "improve" WREN. What the Society of Antiquaries and the Royal Institute of British Architects, as well as the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings and the Incorporated Church Building Society—that is to say, all the competent authorities known to exist—have protested against, is yet done daily, and there are people still alive who are willing to pay handsomely to have it done. Money as the root of all evil figures worse in matters of this kind than in almost any other.

A SPLIT AMONG THE SEPARATISTS.

SIGNS of misunderstanding between the English and Irish branches of the Separatist confederacy have more than once displayed themselves, but they have never taken quite so threatening a shape as they are assuming just at present. MICHAEL DAVITT's attack on the Gladstonians derives gravity both from the character of the person who makes it and from the grounds on which it is made. To begin with, DAVITT is, from the circumstances of his position, by no means so easily manageable a malcontent as the HEALYS of the present period, or the O'DONNELLS of a somewhat earlier day. Not being a member of the Parliamentary party, he has not given the same sort of hostages to fortune as they. Unlike them, he has no political—or what to the majority of the Irish members is the same thing, no professional—axe to grind, and his personal interests, so far as he consults them at all—which he is far less given to do, it is only fair to admit, than many of his Nationalist allies—are rather to be served than otherwise by his posing as a *frondeur*. Without insisting too much on the point, however, it will be enough to say that Mr. PARNELL has obviously nothing like the same securities for DAVITT's good behaviour as he has for that of his Parliamentary henchmen; and that if DAVITT once became convinced that the Home Rule cause would be better served by

his throwing off his allegiance to the leader of the Constitutional party, Mr. PARNELL would find him a very dangerous opponent indeed among the tenant-farmers of Ireland. His peculiar personality, however, is not so formidable an element in the half-quarrel which has sprung up between him and the Gladstonians as is the nature of his grievance. That is serious indeed; serious both because there are no apparent means by which the English Radicals whom he girds at can remove it without making matters worse for themselves in England, and also because it is from the nature of the case a grievance which, unless promptly removed, is likely to excite more and more of his resentment with every month that passes.

It is to be noted that in the re-statement of this cause of complaint, originally set forth from the platform, in his letter to the *Daily News*, DAVITT has slightly amended his pleadings. What he principally dwelt upon in his speech was the marked disinclination of the Gladstonians to make good their valorous promises of last autumn, when they were all going to testify in the Scottish Covenanter sense against the Crimes Act by coming over to Ireland in a body, and enduring bonds (no doubt, they then hoped, as first-class misdemeanants) as an heroic protest against coercion. In his letter to the *Daily News* he complains less of the Gladstonians "biding secure at home" than of their inaction on the safe side of St. George's Channel. They exhibit, he thinks, "an apathy towards eviction 'brutalities in Ireland, which looks like a left-handed concurrence in the policy of eviction as a means of thinning 'the Celtic population." They do not stump even their own country for the purposes of an agitation against landlordism; although "if England were appealed to by the 'Liberal party with half the vehement indignation which 'characterized the Bulgarian atrocity agitation," DAVITT believes that "Mr. BALFOUR's underlings would curb to some 'extent the inhumanity of their action when carrying out the 'law in Ireland." The "Liberal party" refrain from any movement of the kind, although they know that "there are '50,000 tenants liable to eviction in Ireland at present," that the harvest "has not turned out a rent-paying one," that the winter will witness a large multiplication of the number of "legal brutalities"; and although they ought to know, if they do not, that "these brutalities must 'provoke acts of fierce retaliation if human nature re-' mains what it has been in former years."

Such is the amended form of Mr. DAVITT's statement of grievance, and we may at once admit that, on the face of it, it is more likely to be recognized as reasonable by the persons to whom it is addressed than was the complaint which preceded it. There is not the smallest probability of any rush of English Radical candidates for imprisonment in Irish gaols during the coming winter. DAVITT might taunt them with what he evidently thinks their cowardice as much as he pleases, but he would not be able to overcome the conviction inwardly cherished, and now and then openly avowed, by all of them, that they can "better serve the 'cause" of Home Rule—we believe that is the correct phrase—by remaining snugly in their own houses than by subjecting themselves to the restraints and inconveniences of imprisonment in Ireland. So, or substantially so, held the discreet recruit of popular rhyme; for, though the world has sneered at his plea for retreat as casuistical, we have really no reason to doubt the sincerity of his belief that he would "better serve his country" by retaining the power to bear arms in her defence "another day" than by allowing himself to be "in 'battle slain." But, whatever the value of their plea, it may be confidently predicted that the Gladstonians will act upon it. Few of them probably meant what they said when they bade defiance to Mr. BALFOUR's "myrmidons," and those who did have had time enough to think better of it with many enlightening facts to commend to them the wisdom of second thoughts. They now know, for instance, that the Irish Executive have no notion of treating riot-raising in Ireland as a venial offence, which an English politician may more or less excusably resort to for purposes of self-advertisement. They have been distinctly warned, in more than one instance, that to be convicted and punished for this offence is, and is intended to be, an extremely disagreeable thing; and, what is more, they have noticed that to undergo this unpleasantness does not arouse among the English "masses" even so much sympathy as would suffice to carry an election in a metropolitan constituency. Hence, as we have said, it is as certain as anything can be that DAVITT might twit his English Radical

allies to his heart's content with their disinclination to "testify" without producing the slightest effect; and it is doubtless his perception of this which has induced him to change his ground. If the men who have chattered so loudly about the wickedness of coercion will not enter the Irish prison, why should they not mount the English platform? If the magpie objects to the cage, why should he be afraid of the stump? These are questions much more difficult for Gladstonian politicians to answer, the more so as they are addressed to them not by DAVITT alone, but even by some of the more ardent of their followers in the provinces. "Is it really the case," asks an indignant Northern journalist, "that our people are cowed by the despotic daring and the callous cynicism of the 'Castle's tool, Mr. BALFOUR? Are we who struck the lion down in Bulgaria to crouch before the wolf in Ireland?" It is extremely unpleasant for the managers and the wire-pullers and the "Front Bench men" and the men who want to get on the Front Bench, and generally for the whole mob of politicians "on the rise," to be plied with questions of this kind by impatient followers. And it is even more unpleasant to have to answer—and this is the only answer pretending to authority that the question has thus far received—that there will be no wolf-slaying at present, or not much; that, in fact, the constituencies have pronounced a "hasty judgment" in favour of the wolf, and have said that he is to be allowed to ravage for six years certain, and that, much as "we who struck down the lion in Bulgaria" may object to wolves, it is our duty to "bow provisionally" to this unnatural lycophily on the part of the electorate, and wait till they return to a better mind.

Nevertheless this is in fact the only course open to the Gladstonians, as the more business-like among them now plainly see. It is all very well to talk of "raising the country" against the evictions threatened for next winter, but the English Radicals know ruefully well—if Irish Nationalists of DAVITT's type do not—that the country is not to be raised with that cry, and that the attempt to do so will only expose those who make it to disappointment and ridicule. The thing has been tried before; it was tried last year under much more hopeful circumstances, but without any success or even the semblance of it. Mr. O'BRIEN and his confederates have, in fact, been found out. The English public are no longer to be scared by talk about ten thousand evictions or fifty thousand evictions—for, as often as not, every member of the ten thousand families is credited, in these dashing calculations, with a holding of his own. They fully understand at last that every ejectment notice issued in pursuance of the extremely liberal and indulgent Land Act of last year is merely a legitimate move on the part of the landlords against the anti-rent conspiracy, and that in the vast majority of cases these notices will only be enforced so far as may be found necessary for breaking that conspiracy up. So well, too, are the Gladstonians aware of the enlightenment of the English public on this point that there is no probability whatever of their accepting the mission which DAVITT would impose upon them. An "atrocities agitation" without any atrocities, or with atrocities which none of your audiences believe in, is not a hopeful undertaking; and the anti-rent conspiracy will be left, we expect, to do its own fighting in the winter, with little or no active help from its English well-wishers. And it is just because DAVITT and those about DAVITT are far more interested in the success of the conspiracy than in the mere political issue of Home Rule; it is just because its final defeat and suppression would mean the ruin of all their hopes, and because their fear of it is likely to drive them to more and more violent methods of resistance—that the split in the Separatist camp may very well assume the proportions of a formidable rupture. For the position, in short, stands thus:—The Gladstonians are not in a position to satisfy the demand which DAVITT makes upon them, and in the absence of that satisfaction DAVITT and his friends will be forced into a line of conduct which will make the alliance of the English Radicals with the Irish Nationalists increasingly difficult to maintain.

THE MATTHEW ARNOLD MEMORIAL.

THE infelicity of Lord COLERIDGE's form of application, in the daily papers of last Tuesday, to intending subscribers to the intended memorial to Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD is both curious and complicated; and it is not surprising

that well-wishers to the memorial have taken alarm at it, or that Lord COLERIDGE himself has thought it well to explain. In the first place, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, by referring to "all expenses connected with the Abbey," suggests to the subscribers that their money will go to the Dean and Chapter (as it is commonly said, though, as a fact, we believe these fees go to a common fund), and not to Mr. ARNOLD's memory. In the second place, he goes out of his way to make, twice over, an attack on the unfortunate Mr. SMITH for not giving money which it is exceedingly probable he has not got to give. We have never ourselves hesitated to denounce the amount of this dole to literature and kindred things as permanently insufficient, and its administration as frequently unwise. But the FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY has no more control over the amount at his own disposal than Lord COLERIDGE has; and, with the utmost respect for Mr. ARNOLD's memory, we cannot place a refusal to continue his pension to his widow on the same footing with the too famous neglect of the claims of RICHARD JEFFERIES or with the endowment not long ago of the estimable and extremely well-connected author of two or three gossipy books recording travels undertaken for purposes of amusement. Even those who do so place it might, we should suppose, question the wisdom of such an onslaught in the midst of an appeal to subscribers to do honour to the memory of a dead man of letters, who was, moreover, one of the most sensitive of all men on questions of taste.

This awkwardness ought not to cause the subscription itself to hang fire. We doubt, however, whether it is wise in the Committee to propose so many different objects. A monument, and then a family endowment fund, and then a scholarship, is a programme which has the double inconvenience, first, of distracting the attention of subscribers (who usually like to do one thing at once and to be called upon to do something definite), and, secondly, of perhaps offending some of them. A scholarship, and still more a lectureship, in English Literature at Oxford would be very pleasant to the holder, and might do no great harm to English literature; while, in the case of the scholarship, the happiness of a still greater number would be consulted if there were fees to be paid to the examiners. But the previous examples of such things, and of the elections to them, are not invariably encouraging to the contributor; and, so long as a scheme is or is said to be on foot for muddling up the time-honoured Professorship of Poetry which Mr. ARNOLD himself so worthily held, with chairs for the purpose of studying the works of Archbishop WULFSTAN, there is likely to be little enthusiasm in the matter. The Committee would not perhaps do ill if they dismissed the third part of their scheme altogether, or so arranged it that the proceeds of the subscription, whatever it is, should be settled upon the poet's family as long as they want it, leaving any encouragement of examining and being examined to the dim and distant courses of the future. The monument few will quarrel over, though it is a question whether it would not be better placed at Oxford than in Westminster Abbey. At any rate, there should be neither delay nor difficulty in getting whatever project is actually preferred, started, and carried out; for subscriptions, like other things, are best done when done quickly. If Lord COLERIDGE's letter is to be regretted for one reason more than another it is for this, that hints of wrangling and differences of opinion do no good to any such scheme, and are particularly unpleasant when the subjects are a dead man's fame and the feelings and interests of his living representatives. Indeed, it may be thought to have been an error of judgment to mix up the memorial scheme and the endowment scheme at all. The latter is rather a matter for Mr. ARNOLD's private friends, the former for his public admirers, and it would be no small misfortune if the tribute of public respect were delayed or impoverished by the confusion.

OUR CHRISTIAN LEADER.

M. AUGUSTIN FILON, of the *Deux Mondes*, looking "en curieux, en simple amateur du courage et de la sincérité politique" at the staggering state of English statesmen, has been pleased to discover one really strong figure. The Whigs have been swallowed by the Radicals, the Tories stand in their place; but it is commanded by improved modern artillery, and soon, very soon, "les tories, comme ces gardiens de la Tour dont le costume suranné amuse les badauds, n'auront plus qu'à veiller sur des choses mortes, sur des joyaux historiques et des armures

"vides." The instability of social order in England seems ominous to M. FILON, when compared with the notorious political solidity of France. Instead of wickedly rejoicing over the approaching downfall of Carthage, M. FILON is made melancholy by the prospect. It is therefore with satisfaction that he has discovered one politician "qui s'annonce comme un grand *leader* conservateur populaire et chrétien." Of him M. AUGUSTIN FILON writes at length in that brisk, cocksure, slightly abusive style which the imitator took (taking all he could, poor man) from MICHELET. The obvious picturesque is not wanting in his pages. Of his competence to write of English politics we can speak highly, considering his nationality. He knows the value of an English word inserted here and there, can bring in SHAKSPEARE, talk of DIZZY, and describe the House of Commons as "une assemblée de *sportsmen*," which naturally admired Mr. BRADLAUGH for resisting the police. There are Frenchmen who think this sort of thing superior and funny. When M. FILON describes Mr. GOSCHEN as one "qui connaît la tenue des livres et manie élégamment les chiffres," and Mr. SMITH as "parleur facile, esprit souple, modéré, fécond en ressources," he shows the accuracy as well as the limitations of his knowledge.

The "grand *leader* conservateur populaire et chrétien" fascinated M. FILON by a certain emphasis of assertion which distinguished him from the first. He was always a master of the abusive epithet, an undoubted sign of political sincerity. M. FILON finds it absolutely shakspearian, "c'est ainsi qu'on discute dans *Coriolan* et dans *Richard III.*" The resemblance of the great Conservative, popular, and Christian leader to CORIOLANUS is not at once obvious. It appears from the account given of him by M. FILON that he has shown no unwillingness to court the most sweet voices. He once accused another grand leader of having thirty-six policies, and has, *testa* M. FILON, had fifty himself. He said, Trust the people, the people cannot go wrong, which was not the opinion of CORIOLANUS. He has been Fair-trader and Free-trader, alarmist and economist, has advocated retirement from Egypt and the retention of that country alternately, and twenty things more in one revolving moon. Whatever seemed likely to draw cheers from the sweet voices, that the great Conservative, popular, and Christian leader has been prepared to say. So far, we gather, from shrinking from the display of his honourable wounds, he has been ready to paint sham ones for the occasion. When in office he proved his political sincerity by insisting on the reduction of estimates which he had a few years before declared should be indefinitely increased. There was a scheme in his head by which more work was to be obtained for less money. It was never divulged. When the great leader's colleagues asked him for it, he resigned office and retired in a huff, leaving Mr. GOSCHEN to do his book-keeping and Mr. SMITH to do his leading. All this M. FILON, who is distinctly a nice person to have to write about you, finds very admirable. Indiscipline is, so he says, the sure sign of fitness to command. When you will neither work under nor with others you are the proper person to rule over them. All Parliament cannot govern this man, therefore this man ought to govern all Parliament, is the opinion of the French critic. We seem to remember a similar statement on the part of a great and maligned monarch, about another leader, who was certainly not Conservative, was not universally popular, and Christian only in a limited sense of the word. As for the changing policies, they do not trouble M. FILON. They come of the indefinite fluctuations of interests, and their incessantly changing combinations. "Ce n'est pas dans les moyens employés mais dans le but à atteindre qu'on doit chercher l'unité d'un homme d'état." This sentence must really be left in French, a language which has no equal for giving an air of epigrammatic smartness to the essentially silly. For the rest, it is all true in a way. The interests of a popular politician do fluctuate, and his combinations incessantly change. The end gives him unity of character. And the end? Well, it is that he may "trust the people," make them Conservatives by giving them something to "conserve." A pretty phrase, which means —? It is rash to interpret cryptic utterances, but we suspect it to mean that you should secure the sweet voices by doing Radical things, and calling them Tory Democracy. That is the frank, hopeful, and sincere policy of the "grand *leader* conservateur populaire et chrétien," who is to save the State. We suspect that there are some people left in the country who believe in it to this day, and who think there is guidance to be

obtained from Mr. FACINGBOTHWAYS in troublous times. Who is this great Conservative, popular, and Christian leader? What need is there to reveal the secret of *Punch*?

HISTORY OF AN "ATROCITY."

IT might be difficult to determine the parts respectively played by confusion of mind and dishonesty of purpose in the manufacture of the fiction that Colonel TURNER "sympathized with the tenants" on the VANDELEUR estate in the sense of regarding them as victims of an oppressive landlord. But, whatever its origin, the misrepresentation has certainly served an excellent purpose. For the letter which it elicited from the Colonel, and which the newspaper responsible for the circulation of the story had the pleasure of printing, is calculated to produce a most wholesome effect upon English readers, not even excepting, we venture to hope, a certain proportion of the regular patrons of the very journal in which it appeared. Colonel TURNER's sympathy with the tenants, which he does not at all wish to disclaim, is based on the fact that they are victims of coercion under the Plan of Campaign; and his account of the proceedings taken in pursuance of that piratical scheme, which we are now told, after Mr. GLADSTONE's well-remembered apology for it, has never been defended by any one entitled to speak in the name of the Liberal party, is exceedingly instructive. It was first started on the VANDELEUR estate in December 1886, when Father DONAN, P.P., Vicar-General, directed the tenants to come into Kilrush on a certain day and lodge their rents with trustees. It appears that these rents were duly lodged in accordance with the instructions of the Vicar-General; for at a meeting at Kilrush in May 1887 Mr. Cox, M.P., was reported in the local press to have said that in "one night he collected 864/- of Captain VANDELEUR's money." [This, it is needless to say, is the gloss of Colonel TURNER, and not of Mr. Cox.] At another meeting, on the 6th of June, 1887, at Kilrush, again presided over by Father DONAN, coercion—a practice the existence of which under the Plan has been solemnly denied in the House of Commons by that BAYARD of Irish Nationalism, Mr. DILLON—was brought to bear, and the tenants who still held aloof from the Plan were actually threatened if they did not join it by a certain date. Colonel TURNER convinced himself by careful investigation that one and all of them were well able to pay, and that many wished to do so, but were afraid, as more than one of them admitted to him. There was no case of harsh treatment on the side of the landlord; but what was the sort of treatment which the tenants looked forward to at the hands of the anti-rent conspirators may be gathered from the very striking little anecdote which Colonel TURNER relates of the man who "begged to be kept 'prisoner and to have the handcuffs put on him, in order that it might be judged that he had resisted sufficiently."

Is this the sort of material with which the Gladstonians are to provide themselves before entering on the "atrocities" "agitation" which MICHAEL DAVITT is urging them to undertake? Because the case of the VANDELEUR tenants is undoubtedly typical of those which give rise to the "atrocities" that English Radicals are invited to go about denouncing among a community of sane and honest men. So complete and damning a history of the fraudulent intrigues by which Irish landlords are compelled to put the law in force against their tenants is not, perhaps, always forthcoming at the exact moment when it is wanted; but substantially the truth about all of them comes out soon enough, and long before most of the "eviction campaigns" are over—sometimes before they are fairly started—the English public have had quite enough enlightenment to deprive them of any excuse for listening to the mendacities which are poured into their ears. It is rarely that even a disputant as prolix, as pertinacious, and as feverishly anxious to keep his name before the world as Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE can contrive to raise any semblance of controversy about the fact of these cases; and those who have read Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE's laboured and lame reply to Mr. DUNCEON on the subject of the Massereene estates and the Plan of Campaign, may judge how hopeless the brief would have been in the hands of an advocate with more pretensions to modesty and fairness. The true story, however, is essentially the same in every case; it is only that some cases lend themselves a little better occasionally for a time to fraudulent misrepresentation than others. Honestly

examined, they one and all resolve themselves into a contest between a creditor anxious to obtain payment of his debts from such debtors as are able to pay him, and a league of pretended friends of the debtor whose aim is to defraud and, if possible, to ruin the creditor. DAVITT has said that an agitation in favour of the object of the League will have a most awakening effect upon the English public, and so we believe it would, though we do not perhaps agree with DAVITT as to what the awakened community would be likely to think and say.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF AOSTA.

THE marriage of the Duke of Aosta has shown once more how fierce is the light which beats upon the throne—to use the phrase which in the grand style conveys the undoubted truth that people are very fond of talking about royal families. Much comment, of which the taste is on a par with the accuracy, has been made on the relationship of the DUKE to the lady he has married. Marriages between uncles and nieces or aunts and nephews are not, for obvious reasons, common; but in Roman Catholic countries they are permitted—as marriages between cousins are—when the proper dispensation has been obtained. In none of these cases would the dispensation be refused if asked for in the regular way. In the country over which the Duke of AOSTA was nominal king for two very unhappy years such marriages are heard of occasionally, when they are thought necessary to keep a family estate together. The considerations which influence even persons of the middle class weigh very seriously with members of royal and noble houses. Members of both have to marry with regard for their position, and the former have a very limited society to choose from. The very great majority of members of royal houses marry ladies of their own rank, and they can hardly do so now without marrying their cousins. The Roman Catholic ruling families are even more intermarried than the Protestant. Unions where the degree of relationship was as close as it is between Duke AMADEO and his niece have always been recognized as fitting among the ruling houses of Spain and Italy. Within the last generation or so a feeling of dislike for them, and even for marriages between cousins, has arisen in Catholic countries. As much may be said of England, and in both cases for the same reasons. But nobles and members of royal houses are loth to be persuaded by physiological arguments to give up habits which have served to preserve their social position.

The marriage can have no political significance. The fact that Duke AMADEO renounced his right of inheritance to the Kingdom of Italy when he became titular King of Spain has no bearing on his present position. The renunciation could only be valid as long as he remained at Madrid, and ceased to have any meaning when he resigned his unfortunate Spanish kingship and resumed his place as a prince of the House of Savoy. In any case he could not have surrendered the rights of his children; but the children of his second marriage can hardly come into the direct line of succession to the Italian crown. King HUMBERT has a family of his own, and Duke AMADEO has children by his first marriage. Both families will have a prior right to the children who may be born of the Princess LETITIA. The unimportance of the DUKE's marriage, in a political sense, is independent of his position in the line of inheritance. Everybody knows that it has been arranged for purely family reasons. It would be difficult to find a fitting match for a daughter of Prince NAPOLEON, except in her mother's family. The Princess CIOTILDA may possibly regard the marriage as some compensation for the ill-fortune which caused her to be sacrificed for political purposes. It may be a subject of satisfaction to her to reflect that if her family rose to their present eminence by alliance with the French Revolutionary Dynasty, they, at least, have kept their place. The Duke of Aosta has long ceased to take an active part in politics. His short career in Spain was not at all to his happiness, and not much to his honour. He certainly endeavoured to fulfil his engagement with the Spanish revolutionary leaders in an honourable manner, but he showed very little sagacity in accepting the offer of Marshal PRIM. His youth and inexperience may be some excuse for him. The error committed by so sagacious a man as VICTOR EMMANUEL in allowing any son of his to enter on any such adventure is

less intelligible. The Crown of Spain was offered to AMADEO by a Spanish mutineer, who represented nothing but a portion of the Spanish army. Marshal PRIM had certainly some of the qualities required for a ruler of Spain. He was always ready to employ strong measures to maintain order whenever disorder was not to his own interests, and his personal courage was above question. But he was little better than a barrack conspirator. The Spaniards who did take an interest in politics were either Republicans or Carlists, or desired to maintain the Bourbon Dynasty in the line of FERDINAND VII. It is very doubtful whether even if Marshal PRIM had escaped the assassins who were, according to the nearly unanimous belief of Spaniards, sent against him by his own colleagues, he could have supported the King he had made. Even if he had done so, the position would have been an undignified one for the Royal puppet. To be the nominee and tool of JUAN PRIM was a degradation for any gentleman, even if he had belonged to a less illustrious family than the House of Savoy. The Duke of AOSTA paid very dearly for his mistake in accepting a mockery of a throne. Since his resignation he has been content with the very tolerable social position of a Prince of the ruling house of Italy. His marriage, which in the general suspension of European politics, has attracted a somewhat undue amount of attention, is a purely family matter. Whatever importance it has, it derives from the fact that it will preserve the family of BONAPARTE from ever again falling into the somewhat disreputable position which it occupied in the interval between the fall of the great NAPOLEON and the *coup d'état*.

LEASEHOLDS AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE inhabitants and frequenters of the central parts of London have had good cause of late years to resent the intemperate zeal which suppressed certain resorts of more or less orderly disorder, and turned it loose into the streets in a form by no means orderly. So also the sober frequenters, if such there be, of the British Association have cause to regret the extinction of the Social Science Congress. The peaceful walks of the man of science, properly so called, would hardly a few years ago, when the real Pantopragmatic Society existed, have been invaded by such a crew of crotcheteers as talked political economy, or rather did not talk it, last Tuesday on the subject of leaseholds. Although the volume of it is less, the quality of the nonsense talked upon this particular subject is, we are inclined to think, worse than that talked on what was once held to be the champion subject for nonsense—Education (though they managed to talk some pretty fair folly in regard to that, too, on the same occasion, as also in regard to tight-lacing, MALTHUS, and several other subjects). With Mr. CHARLES HARRISON's history on the subject of London leaseholds we need not much trouble ourselves. Very likely his statutes were correctly quoted, and correctly dated, enough; and, as it happens, it makes not the slightest difference whether they were or not. When a speaker or writer talks about "land monopolists," "confiscation of the industry of others," and so forth, all men know what manner of cattle they have to deal with, even if the mere names of Mr. COSSHAM, M.P., and Mr. ROWLANDS, M.P., were not enough of themselves. As for facts, the notoriously false statement that ground-rents are not rated was made more than once, though it was contradicted; and the general argumentative powers of the assembly may be guessed from the fact that one speaker quoted, with apparent approval on the part of the audience, and as an awful example, the calculation that one ground landlord in London will about fifty years hence have an income of five millions of money. The philosophical answer would have been, according to temper and point of view, "So much the worse" or "So much the better, for him." But the leasehold system is no more affected by this fiction or fact than the practice of drinking coffee is, by the fact, or fiction, that a single "bull" made a million sterling the other day in the Santos "corner" at Hamburg.

This fuss about leaseholds is, indeed, one of the very best examples of the almost pure nonsense which finds so much favour at the present day. In some very few cases leasehold tenure, like every other arrangement in this world, may lead to actual hardship, and no doubt it is unpleasant for the man who wants to eat his cake and have it too, who wishes to have his rent reduced on condition of surrendering

his house at a certain future period, and then not to surrender it. Further, it does not conduce to the building of very monumental or beautiful houses. But if anybody seriously thinks that its origin lies in the rapacity, the predatory instinct, and so on, of the wicked landlord, he shows that, like too large a part of mankind, he does not understand the nature of a *vera causa*. To some small extent, no doubt, the technical distinctions of English law, and the general English desire, among poor and rich alike, to keep the property of a family together, may have helped to make it common. But no one who knows human nature will believe that any very considerable number of persons ever surrendered all, or all but a small, enjoyment of their property merely for the fiendish delight of endowing their great-grandchildren at someone else's expense ninety-nine years after. The main cause of the great extension of the leasehold system in London has been that tenants liked it so, and would have it so. For the person who is only beginning to make his way—be he day labourer or artisan, small tradesman, merchant, or professional man—it is easier and more profitable to create a house for himself at small cost for the land, or to rent one at merely annual expense, or for a short term, than to sink his capital or burden himself with debt in order to acquire freehold property. That is the whole matter in a nutshell. London has been for centuries rather the passing abode of persons who make, or fail to make, their fortunes, and then go elsewhere, or who move from quarter to quarter as fashion and business dictate, than the ancestral and traditional home of families. For such a state of things, which the condition of English trade, and English society generally, has created, the leasehold system offered greater facilities than any other, and so the leasehold system has prevailed, and will in its present or some other shape prevail as long as the circumstances are the same. But this explanation, being merely based on sense, logic, law, history, and political economy to boot, naturally does not satisfy our crotcheteers.

THE EMPEROR AND THE BISHOP.

IN Austria the head of the State has a way with seditious ecclesiastics which, without any undue admiration for autocratic methods, we in this country may perhaps be permitted to regard with a certain amount of respectful envy. To us, at any rate, there is something distinctly profitable for example of life and instruction of manners in the spectacle of an Emperor publicly reprimanding a Bishop at a levee in terms like these:—"My Lord Bishop, I have heard 'with astonishment of a telegram which you sent on the 'occasion of a non-Catholic festival. At first I would not 'believe that a subject of mine had written such words; 'but, to my great regret, I have learnt that you did write 'them. You do not seem to be aware of what a culpable 'step you have taken against the Church and the State." Such a reproof, delivered to the Bishop "from a distance 'in a distinct voice which could be heard all through 'the room," might have taken a more retiring prelate a little aback, but Dr. STROSSMAYER seems to have been quite equal to the occasion. He replied, "Your Majesty, 'my conscience is clear"; which, by-the-by, it always is when a bishop is making mischief in the State. The answer, however, provoked general murmurs, the episcopal tone and attitude being regarded as unbecomingly arrogant. The rebuked ecclesiastic then retired with his Croatian Bishops, and a little later on called upon the CROWN PRINCE, but was refused an audience. Upon this the Bishop absented himself from a State banquet to which he had been invited, and left Bellovar—receiving, it is said, and this also is according to precedent, "some popular 'greetings" on his way home.

The great majority of the Austrian and Hungarian newspapers approve warmly of the administration of this sharp rebuke, and, indeed, considering the nature of the offence which called it forth, disapproval of it would argue something very like disaffection on the part of those who entertained that sentiment. Bishop STROSSMAYER, who is the head of the Nationalist party in Croatia, has laboured with restless activity to promote discontent among the Croatians at their incorporation with the Kingdom of Hungary. The tendency of such a policy, whether designedly so or not, is of course Panslavist, and *pro tanto* Russianizing, and the act which the EMPEROR has just publicly rebuked was the despatch by the Bishop a few

weeks ago of a telegram to the Committee of a religious festival then being held at Kieff, in which he prayed for "blessings on the universal mission which God had designed 'Russia to fulfil in the world." Now, when a Bishop who is the subject of one State, writing to certain subjects of another State, publicly wishes well to a "universal mission," on the strength of which these subjects of State No. 2 put forward claims to detach certain subjects of State No. 1 from their allegiance, it is not altogether unnatural, or even perhaps unreasonable, in the ruler of State No. 1 to take the Bishop's proceedings a little amiss. If Archbishop CROKE, for instance, were to send his episcopal blessing—he has come pretty near doing it—to the Fenians of New York and to bid them God-speed in their mission to liberate Ireland from the English yoke and to sever that "last link" between the two countries, with which Mr. PARNELL, or his reporters, performed so extraordinary a conjuring-trick at Cincinnati—no one would have any right to be surprised at the incident annoying HER MAJESTY's representative in Ireland. Whether the offending prelate would give the LORD-LIEUTENANT an opportunity of administering to him a public wiggling at a Castle levee we do not know—nor whether, if he did, His Excellency would take advantage of it. But if he did, we should like to be there to see, and we are not at all sure that the lecture would not have a good effect. In Austria, happily for that State, it will be possible, if the Imperial reproof be disregarded, to follow it up by active measures. It is thought in some quarters that the Bishop may resign; but if he remains, and does not mend his manners, it is considered probable that the Austrian Government may have to ask the Vatican to take his eccentricities into consideration, and to appoint him a coadjutor, leaving him only the titular dignity of his bishopric. There is still, therefore, a certain Erastian simplicity of absolutism about the relation of Church and State in Austria, which may surprise Mr. GLADSTONE when he extends his investigations from Galicia to other portions of FRANCIS JOSEPH's dominions. He will admit that even in oppressed Ireland the Government cannot "go about" in quite the same vigorous fashion with Bishops who find themselves justified by their "clear 'consciences" in palavering for the disruption of the realm.

A FRENCHMAN IN ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A YEAR before the French Revolution, on the 17th August 1788, an anonymous author came to London. On the 17th September he was back in Paris. Better for him, perhaps, if he had stayed in London a few years; probably he was guillotined, for he seems to have been a truthful, unprejudiced, observant man, just the kind of person that is most obnoxious to an extreme party of either side. His little volume—it only runs to 150 pp.—is entitled *Promenades d'Automne en Angleterre*, and has "Amsterdam" as the place of publication, like so many other French books of the time. Even so, he complains that the censors have cut out a third part of his notes; but the whole reads like a letter to a friend, whom he exhorts not to languish in a remote château where an opéra comique badly sung, a hunt, a card-party, are all he can have; but to start on a voyage without settled plans, without any decided aim—"malheur à l'homme qui voyage un itinéraire à la main," he says; but it was two generations before Murray, and three before Cook. With this noble sentiment in his mind he set out, taking with him a young friend seventeen years of age, whose ideas he has enlarged, whose love for the beautiful, for study, for the arts, he claims to have developed, before he returns him to his mother. The revolution made in the youth's mind by the aspect of England is such that he protests he can only date his moral existence from this epoch. The route to the coast lay through Normandy, and Rouen is described. There he notices the heart of Richard I., "so well known to Parisians since the opera of Sedaine." At Dieppe he embarked for "Brigtemstone." The Prince of Wales was residing there, looking "like a lily in the middle of a garden." Next morning he inspected the "miserable village." It is situated in a hollow commanded by a cemetery, encircled by arid mountains; its houses are built of flints, which a vulgar art has disposed in lozenges, and squares, and circles. The roofs are covered with tiles. The house of the Prince is like that of a country curé; the theatre is a barn; yet, if the exterior of the town "choque au premier coup d'œil," a walk and a little reflection remove his prejudices. But a ball to which he went was almost too much for him. The reserve and artlessness of the English are charming, no doubt, but they do not make up for dancing without gaiety, without the "amour pour la danse." The cold air and quiet eyes of the dancers surprise him immensely. Then, neglecting the Learned Pig and the comedy at "Brigtemstone," he journeys to London by an unusual route. "Je traversais," he says, "la Digue du Diable"; and, like most foreigners, his first

exclamation is at the greenness of the country—"a greenness which Rubens or Paul Potter might try in vain to imitate, and which is wanting to the rest of the world." He remarks on the cattle, on the trees, on the little bridges, on the farms, houses, asylums, the abundance, the neatness; "not a traveller on foot; not a pauper; not a soldier." He is delighted at the first distant view of the dome of St. Paul's; and remarks on the wide extent of the suburbs. A suburban villa is "a small brick house, ornamented with carpets, with tables of mahogany, solid and comfortable chairs, newspapers, and a Bible. Here the simple artisan works by the side of his wife, who sews and watches her handsome children out of a corner of her eye, as they jump about or scramble on the lawn." He is struck with the "esprit tranquille" at sundown, every one resting, offering to their friends, their acquaintances, and to passers-by "de la bière (sic), des gâteaux, et du punch." He admires the scenery, the horses, the young men, the "azamons, whose gauze helmets only cover la blancheur et la réserve."

He is better pleased with London than one might expect. According to the infallible discoveries of the learned it was built by Brutus the Trojan, long before the coming of the Romans. He remarks on its great size and population, the multitude of steeples and of old edifices, the width of the streets, the beauty of the *trottoirs*, the fine squares, decorated with "bosquets," the statues gilt from top to toe (can he have foreseen the Albert Memorial?); and complains also a little of ill-paved lanes, of "the blacks," and the funeral tint of a sombre day, amid fog and smoke and brown brick. He criticizes St. Paul's, calling the western towers "gothique," and objecting to the colonnade round the dome, but otherwise describing it as a superb imitation of St. Peter's, "avec quelques changemens dus au mauvais génie des beaux arts en Angleterre." After praising the interior of the dome he objects to the "tableaux de Tornhill, qu'on y vante avec emphase." On the whole, he was "blessé" by the bareness of the church, in which he only saw some French flags, "which they took great pains to make me observe," he complains. Of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, he is lavish in his praise. He does not hesitate to prefer it to St. Paul's. Could he see it after the Vandalism of the last few months he might reconsider his opinion. He is greatly pleased with the wing of "With-hall," by Inigo Jones, and speaks with horror of the decapitation of Charles I.—little foreseeing that five years later his own King, Louis XVI., would meet a similar fate. He visits Westminster "avec un saint respect, saisi d'une émotion religieuse." He is, of course, disgusted with the monuments, but is pleased at seeing an English boy flush up at the sight of the tomb of some hero. The banners in the chapel of Henry VII. seem to have struck him more than the architecture, and he gives vent to many heroic sentiments which we may safely skip.

He visits the studio of "le chevalier Reynold." He greatly admires his portraits, which "s'achètent au poids de l'or," but finds fault with his draperies and drawing. He mentions some of the pictures—a Nativity, a picture of Dido, the Virtues, "destinées à des vitraux d'Oxford," Venus and Cupid (probably the "Snake in the Grass")—and is horrified with the Infant Hercules, "which," he adds, "I advise him to cut in pieces." He saw Copley's "Death of Chatham," and praises the modesty of London artists, who do not restrain by their presence the judgments and reflections excited by their pictures. He is disgusted with a picture by M. W—, which represents a shark attacking a sailor, and remarks on the strange popularity of this M. W—. In the "bel atelier de M. Vest," he saw the "Death of Wolfe," the "Battle of La Hogue," and others, and seems to have liked them. On the whole, it seems to him that the English love art more from reflection than sentiment, more from imitation than perception; that they are too vain of the foreign spoils they have accumulated by their wealth; that they have arts as a compiler has ideas; that by dint of imitating the antique they have adopted caricature without acquiring its forms and freedom; and that he must perforce admire the commercial genius of a nation which bends even the fine arts to its speculations, and gathers through its engravings and its porcelain an immense interest on the capital which its travellers spend in Greece and Italy. He thinks the English will never attain the degree of perfection in the fine arts reserved for more happy climates. At the same time they need not fear the frenzied imagination, the active jealousy, the corruption of morals and principles which prevail in hot countries. One ought perhaps to applaud a mediocrity produced by so many advantages. He visited the collections of Boydell, and admired his engravings, and two pictures representing the death of the children of Edward II. (sic) "exécuté dans la chambre de sang (Bloody Room) dont on voit encore la fenêtre à la tour de Londres." He praises "Wedgewood" and other English china manufacturers, and compares their work with that done at "Seve," as he writes it; "but an essential difference," he observes, "distinguishes these manufacturers; those of England enrich their proprietors; that of France does not cover its expenses." He visited the shop of a "M. Oldham, en Holborn," a shop which contained so great a variety of furniture that either the Prince of Wales or a private individual might be satisfied there, and which was valued for insurance at 50,000 guineas. He sees a coach factory in Long Acre, and a collection of natural history belonging to the "Chevalier Aston-Levers." He was greatly impressed by the Tower, but did not think much of the British Museum, which a hundred years ago was certainly not worthy to compare

with the collections of the kings of France. He notices the order and cleanliness of the hospitals, but misses the Sisters of Charity. "I think," he concludes, "that hospitals ought to follow the organization of the English, but be managed by Frenchmen." He passed a Sunday afternoon, like all the inhabitants of London, in the beautiful gardens of "Kingston" and the pretty village of Highgate and in the smiling meadows which encircle the capital; he walked between rows of young women and young men, all going two and two, walking with a modest reserve which reminded him of the provinces.

His account of the Courts of Justice is very interesting. The hall of the Old Bailey, he says, is square. The Mayor of London seats himself on a kind of throne; at his side are the seats of the judges, and at the extremities are the two sheriffs in black and scarlet, with gold chains. In a separate tribune on the left is the jury, waiting in a cold and respectful attitude for the accused. Below the tribunal he saw a sword of justice, and under it a cup, "the ancient emblem of forgetfulness"; at its side are two rods of light white wood, symbolic of the gentleness which ought to preside at punishment. Flowers, bouquets, and sweet-smelling herbs are distributed to the spectators. They are also spread on the benches of the criminals. The light of heaven having been invoked, the judge begins his interrogatory. A man of the world, he thinks, however well informed or ingenious, could never imagine what tradition of humanity, subtlety and address the judges have acquired in questioning the witnesses. He evidently looked on every one who wore a wig and gown as a judge. While, elsewhere, he says, people try to find a man guilty, here they try to find him innocent. The Court he attended sat till four in the afternoon, and adjourned for dinner. "The gravity which pervaded this ceremonious repast was in accord with my feelings," he remarks. "Two ceremonies struck me—the grace said by the chaplain before we sat down, and the same ceremony over a large silver-gilt basin of rose water which went round. At six o'clock the trials were resumed, and twenty-five criminals were sentenced to death." The judge spoke in a grave and touching manner, like a father who is unwilling to punish. He stayed till near midnight, and went away wishing that other countries could adopt the lawgiving of the English, though he objects to the punishment of death. He visited Newgate, and heard the "condemned sermon," and describes the coffin on the table, which impressed every one, and did not add any further sadness to those condemned to death.

He comments much on the want of energy and vigour which he finds everywhere. Three great horses are set to draw on a smooth highway what one horse in France would have to drag over a bad country road. The English do not sit up late, yet rise late in the morning, and it is quite common to see the shops opening at half-past eight even on fine days. Ordinary business does not begin till nine or ten, and goes on until four o'clock, the hour for dinner. When a coachman stops for a minute he gives his horses handfuls of hay, and rubs up the harness. He is attentive and civil, and quite unlike a French "cocher." Accidents are rare, but cost much to those who cause them. He made many excursions, to Sion, Osterly, and other places, to which it would take too long to follow him, but everywhere he observes the same repose which so greatly astonishes him. He describes Windsor at some length, and goes through the State apartments. He dines at Hampton Court. He visits a country churchyard, and copies an epitaph with true French incorrectness. He saw a play at "Richemont," and complains that the English think much less of the architecture of their theatres than of that of their hospitals and arsenals. This is the last of his sight-seeing, and he goes home favourably impressed with the civilization of England.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

M R. E. H. PICKERSGILL, of Stoke Newington and the House of Commons, in a letter published in the *Daily News* of Wednesday, imagines "a merry twinkle" in his leader's great eyes with which the utterance of certain words "would be accompanied." It is not part of our present purpose to spend much time on Mr. Pickersgill, who is grieved lest in the eyes of less imaginative persons than himself Mr. Gladstone should have been thought to give colour to the "popular, but certainly erroneous, conception of Shakespeare's political attitude." Mr. Gladstone had said that the divine Williams was "a good courtier and a loyal king and queen worshipper." Mr. Pickersgill, fortified by a remembrance of "the late George Dawson" (who is believed to have been a kind of Nonconformist lecturer), refers to "the grand principles of civil liberty which underlie in Shakespeare the superficial flummery of the right of kings." And this, it seems, according to Mr. Pickersgill, was the meaning of the "merry twinkle." Mr. Gladstone, the Queen's servant in all sorts of senses, speaking at a meeting of what professes to be a very loyal Association, referred to courtiership, king-and-queen-worship, and so forth. But it was with a "merry twinkle," as who should say, "We know what loyalty is worth, my friends, and what the late lamented Mr. Shakespeare thought of it." It would be as far from us to comment on this remarkable picture of Mr. Gladstone with twinkle in eye and tongue in cheek talking about kings and queens as to inquire too narrowly as to the way in

which Mr. Pickersgill (with proper psychical assistance, let us hope, from the late George Dawson) proposes to convert, say *Coriolanus*, into a glorification of the ideas of Citizen Carnegie. Mr. Gladstone, to do him justice, as we always do, is not responsible for Mr. Pickersgill, and Mr. Pickersgill is not expected to understand Shakspeare. On the other hand, there's warrant for it that Shakspeare would have thoroughly understood Mr. Pickersgill, and would have handled him tenderly, as though he loved him. He has, indeed, done it in more than one instance already.

But Mr. Pickersgill is only a "curtain-raiser" as they say now; what we want to know and what we have introduced him for is something else. Was there a "merry twinkle" in the eyes of Mr. Gladstone, when he wrote a certain letter to Mr. Edward S. Naganowski, Polish secretary to the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland? This Polish person wrote last week, after those remarkable Wrexham speeches, which have been proved to contain about as many blunders as sentences, a letter remonstrating with the now famous comparison of Poland and Ireland. In this letter, too long to quote and accessible in all the daily papers, Mr. Naganowski did not attempt to show himself a vile Unionist. On the contrary, he spoke of the "righteous cause of Ireland," he spoke about the "treatment of Ireland in times of which the whole English people are sincerely ashamed," and though he was unlucky enough to say, in this case quite truly, that England "does not aim at the extinction of Irish nationality," he may be said to have, in the sentences quoted and others, adopted nearly to the full the Gladstonian cant on Hibernian subjects. But this was as nothing in comparison with his fatal exposure of Mr. Gladstone's audacious ignorance in regard to the things that Mr. Naganowski does know; that is to say, the condition of Poland—Austrian, Prussian, and Russian alike. Of the first division, while expressing modified thankfulness, Mr. Naganowski doubts whether Galicia will ever enjoy, and denies absolutely that it does enjoy, the advantages of Ireland "even in its present lamentable condition" (poor man, he thought this would sop Cerberus!) He goes through a list of the disadvantages of the Prussian Poles, of which it is sufficient to say that if you take the much-gabbled-over penal laws and the earlier prohibition of marriage with the Irish race together you will hardly make out a worse state of things, considering what the general ideas of the nineteenth century make possible. "My countrymen," says he, "in the Duchy of Posen have not one of the liberties of Ireland." As for Russia, he does not enter into so much detail, but asserts pretty generally the same conclusions. That is to say, an expert, speaking of what he knows in his own or his countrymen's case, accuses Mr. Gladstone of inaccuracy and *suggestio falsi* of the grossest description, and, in referring to the parallel case of Ireland, uses Gladstonian language when he does speak, and asserts no special information about that case at all.

Now mark the answer, which is luckily short enough to be quoted in full:—*"Hawarden, Sept. 7, 1888. Sir,—I shall be extremely glad if the letters written by you on the occasion of anything I have said shall tend to increase our scanty stock of information now current in this country respecting Poland and the Poles. But you have entirely misapprehended the nature and scope of my reference to Poland and Russia, and I cannot with any advantage enter into a discussion of your letter, or endeavour to enlarge your information with respect to the case of Ireland. Your faithful servant, W. E. GLADSTONE."* To put this even more briefly, Mr. Gladstone absolutely declines to justify his own assertions or enter into the very precise statements made by Mr. Naganowski as to Poland; while he "will not endeavour to enlarge" Mr. Naganowski's "information with respect to the case of Ireland."

Which things stand thus. Mr. Gladstone deliberately, and in the evident and probably well-founded hope that few of his partisans will have seen Mr. Naganowski's letter, refuses to enter into the extremely definite and well-particularized charges made against the administration of Prussian Poland. Under the general pretext that Mr. Naganowski has "misunderstood his reference to Poland and Russia," he evades the charges, not so detailed but as damaging, made in reference to Russian Poland. And he does not so much as take notice of the remonstrance (how well justified minute and uncontradicted accounts have shown since) with which his descriptions of the state and condition of Austrian Poland are met. Now, he had referred to those two last divisions by name, and had spent the most elaborate pains on drawing what were meant to be damaging inferences therefrom, and he had, by his reference to "Poland" as a whole, justly exposed himself to the reminder about Posen. Yet, further, the person challenging him was not a nobody, but some one at least claiming to write with authority and expert knowledge. But Mr. Gladstone will take no notice; he "cannot with advantage" (which is, indeed, true) take any notice, and so, though it is asserted by weighty authority, and not contradicted by any authority weighty or not, that the whole foundation of his argument is unsound and rotten, he passes it all by with a wave of the hand.

But, it will be seen, there is a point where he in the vulgar phrase "comes down" on Mr. Naganowski. That person has, as we have seen, made no statements of fact about Ireland at all, and in his general references to the case he has adopted strictly Gladstonian phraseology. But as Mr. Gladstone cannot have him on Poland he has him on Ireland. He "cannot endeavour

to enlarge Mr. Naganowski's information" on that subject. *Literation*, of course nobody is bound to endeavour to enlarge anybody's information on any subject. But Mr. Gladstone knew very well that ignorant readers would take this to mean that Mr. Naganowski's information on Ireland was insufficient or incorrect, and that his correspondent would be discredited accordingly. He cannot find a sentence wrong (the only wrong sentences are wrong in his own sense) in Mr. Naganowski's reference to Ireland; he dares not find a sentence wrong in Mr. Naganowski's reference to Poland. But he must at any cost hint to his followers that Mr. Naganowski is an untrustworthy person. And this is the way he does it. It would, considering the original document, have been nearly as germane to the matter if he had said that he could not undertake to enlarge Mr. Naganowski's information on the subject of the South Pole, and it would have been equally courteous.

Now, it is very far from being our intention to use Poland as Mr. Gladstone tried to use it—for a stick to beat our own adversaries with. We believe, indeed, that, except Austria (which, as persons better acquainted with history than Mr. Gladstone know, has always been an easy-going Power unless her subjects provoked her beyond bearing), the masters of the Poles for the past century have treated them as Ireland never has been treated, out of Mr. Gladstone's imagination. But we do not desire to be ranked among the "literary friends of Poland," who have in their day talked nearly as much nonsense as the friends, literary and other, of Ireland. The real comparison between the two countries lies in the apparent similarity of their unfitness for self-government. When Sarmatia fell she may have been unworthy, but if so it was because she fell, perhaps without a crime, but certainly not without an intolerable deal of folly. She showed to a world, unfortunately not capable of seeing it, the utter failure of the principle of popular election of monarchs, by electing habitually and for generations the most incapable competitors. She exhibited the absurdity of carrying out, on a great scale, the meetings which so charm our good antiquaries in Appenzell and elsewhere by her preposterous diets. She alone of nations had the magnanimous absurdity to give the *reductio ad absurdum* of Democracy by the strictly logical *liberum veto*. She raised "ructions" to a science, and made a national matter of Shavests and Caravats. She did, indeed, all the things that Ireland apparently did in a remote and ill-recorded history, has been trying to do for the last seven hundred years, and hopes to do again by the kind permission of Mr. Gladstone. Afterwards she took the part of Napoleon, the most ruthless foe of nationalities and the fiercest oppressor of liberty ever known. She has always timed her insurrections in such a fashion that it was almost impossible for any one to help her, and she has never known how to play off one of her tyrants against the other—a piece of policy so simple that a bullied boy at school understands it. There are political students who would very much like to see a restored Poland, stretching from Dantzig to Odessa, if they only could see how it is to be filled with people who know how to govern and how to obey. But that is what they *don't* see. There is a real parallel between Ireland and Poland for any one who can draw it; but it is not Mr. Gladstone's.

In this case, however, the matter is not one of history, of political appreciation, or of anything else but simple, actual matter of fact. Is it or is it not true that the people of Poland—Russian, Prussian, and Austrian—can every one of them vote on the same qualification and for the same kind of representatives as Englishmen and Scotchmen, elect local governors who can waste the public money and the public time as they will, serve on juries, and with impunity give verdicts in the teeth of evidence, deliver speeches of any sort, scathless so long as they do not advocate larceny or breach of the peace, hiss or suppress the name of their Sovereign at public meetings, and in short exercise all the rights which Irishmen exercise? Now, Mr. Naganowski says that, as to Prussian and Russian Poland, it is wholly, as to Austrian Poland partially, false. Mr. Gladstone, after saying or inferring that it is true, "declines to enter into a discussion," and insinuates that his correspondent's information is defective on a point as to which his correspondent did not make any statements at all.

It is hardly necessary to say much more on the subject or to dwell on the singular courtesy of the form of Mr. Gladstone's letter. This courtesy seems to be growing on Mr. Gladstone. But it is an interesting document to add to the great series. A character in a work which Mr. Gladstone has studied with care lays it down that "miracles do not happen." We should be inclined to dispute the proposition on several grounds, but one may suffice for the present. It is not uncommon to meet with persons who continue to believe in Mr. Gladstone.

THE PRESENT PROBLEM IN INDIA.

In much that he has written during the last few months Sir William Hunter has shown good cause for the reputation he had already earned for himself as a public servant in the land of his official career. His discourse at the Society of Arts, in February last, on the religions of India, and a later one on Mohammadanism, gave ample proofs of the possession of a keen administrative perception and literary power which, combined with personal experience, not only stamp him as an authority on Indian subjects, but make it a quasi duty that he should

open his book of knowledge for the benefit of his countrymen at home. In his definition, and attempted solution, of a question which in the pages of the *Contemporary Review* he entitles "The Present Problem in India," he touches a matter of such vital importance that it behoves all who are interested in the welfare of our Empire in the East to give his arguments their best and closest attention.

In a concise, but most significant, summary, Sir W. Hunter explains the historical process by which India, under British rule, became what she now is, passing through the various stages of modified government, brought about more or less by respective Governors-General, to the radical changes effected by the Mutiny. He then dwells upon the promises held out in Her Majesty's proclamation of 1858, and interpreted by Lord Northbrook, that we were to govern India "for the benefit of the natives"; by Lord Lytton that natives, of whatever caste or creed, were to share largely "in the administration of the country"; by Lord Ripon that this proclamation was "obligatory in respect to all . . . addressed." And he adds the expression of a wish by the present Viceroy, in the course of the past year, that circumstances had permitted him to extend the political status given a generation before by Lord Halifax to certain Indian gentlemen who, by their high position and acquirements, are "marked as useful adjuncts" to Legislative Councils. "Taken as a whole [he concluded], they [these Viceregal utterances] amount to a counsel of self-preparation to the people of India; to an assurance that, when the natives of that country have qualified themselves for a free and an impartial admission to public offices, Her Majesty's promises will be honestly fulfilled."

Lord Mayo's eloquent address to the chiefs of Rajputana is quoted in support of the same argument, with special regard to the superior classes. But more than sixteen years have passed since the death of that distinguished Viceroy, and some thirty years since the proclamation was read to the people of India; and during this period the great British dependency has undergone a transformation of which the most remarkable feature is the spread of Western education. Out of education has arisen a public opinion which, unless wisely treated at the outset, may prove as anomalous and inopportune as any monster created by any magician. Its latest phase is illustrated in the clamour for admission to the promised privileges of participating in the honours and responsibilities of Government. The reviewer of these results will naturally ask the questions, "Have the promises to the natives of India been indeed unfulfilled?" "Are these natives fit to receive the boon for which they are desirous?"

Such is briefly the situation for which we are required to decide a fitting course of Government procedure; and few will deny that the case is beset with difficulty. But it would be a long process to follow Sir William Hunter into all the issues he has raised and arguments suggested or asserted. Let us be content with remarking on one or two salient passages of his paper, keeping as closely as possible to the limits of the problem as above set forth.

As regards the promises held out in Her Majesty's proclamations and the subsequent declarations of Governors-General and Viceroys, there is no reason why these should not be fulfilled to the letter; but neither the princes nor people of India can themselves be judges how far they have qualified in the three stated essentials of "education, ability, and integrity." They claim that "they have done their parts." The question, however, is not one of self-assertion, but of the application of a test which it belongs to the ruling power to determine.

The distinction between the results of education at home and in the East is ingeniously drawn. It is argued that while in this country it bridges the gulf between the higher and lower classes; in India it creates a separation between those who have been trained to accept the political views and institutions of the West and those who prefer to remain so far uncivilized. But it should be borne in mind that the result on our Indian subjects is a necessary outcome of the early stages of education, and time may assimilate the status to that of England. We thoroughly agree with the opinion that we should not "grant political institutions to India at so rapid a pace as we have forced political ideas upon her"; and commend the preference given to "the simple and more honest course of admitting that the speed in the propagation of ideas and in their political realization must be different."

As to the National Congress and an Indian Political Agency to be established in England, there is nothing strange that such substantial form should be given to the ideas of a people newly initiated in the ways of Western politics. These products also may be considered as the outcome of the earlier stages of education. That they will meet with fair treatment at the hands of the Indian Government there can be no shadow of doubt; and every confidence may be placed in the firmness and discretion of Lord Lansdowne, who, we are told, with, be it hoped, excessive pessimism, "has now to face a danger which no previous Viceroy of India had to encounter." The question of the Indian native press is too large a one to be here treated. We may remark, *en passant*, that any one who takes the trouble to become acquainted with its history, going back to the outbreak of the Mutiny, must allow that it has, upon the whole, been most considerately dealt with by the British authorities.

One thing Sir William Hunter seems to have overlooked in contrasting the position of the native of India with that of the Englishman. Both are, it is true, subjects of the Queen-Empress, and both are entitled to receive the rewards for which ability,

integrity, and industry present so reasonable a claim. But is the educated Indian made aware of the many Englishmen whose superiority of intellect is unquestioned, who can show certificates of honour from Universities and other public bodies, who have borne the highest character for capability and assiduity—yet who are either at this hour in actual want of employment or are contented to accept offices far below their deserts? Let him be told to analyse the proportion of the employed and unemployed of the English educated classes, and see what intellectual superiority has done to insure the success in life of the former.

Again, is the aspiring native never to be taught that knowledge has some intrinsic charm of its own, that there may be some satisfaction derived in the possession of a cultured mind capable of appreciating art and literature, that education has more to supply than a mere stepping-stone to official preferment and the acquisition of rupees?

THE KOZHIKI.

THIS earliest extant account of Japanese historical or, to be candid, prehistorical events is ascribed to the year 711 of our era. The only authority for its origin is its own preface, which purports to be written by one Yasumaro, minister to the female Mikado Gemmō (708-715). One of her predecessors, the Mikado Temmu, finding the records preserved by the leading families to contain many errors, had them collated. There was a marvellous memory in his household in the possession of one Hiyeda no Ara—said by some to have been a woman—and we are asked to believe that, instead of having the records committed to writing, the Mikado commanded this lady to learn all these old myths, genealogies, and marvellous traditions off by heart, and that it was from her lips that Yasumaro took them down years afterwards. The tale is wholly gratuitous and unnecessary, and that forms its sole recommendation to belief. The facts are that the preface called Yasumaro's, which offers the tale, is in as wholly different a style of thought and language as well can be from the rest of the book assumed to have been written down by him; and the disconnection of the two is otherwise absolute. The next fact is that the *Nihongi* (Japan Chronicle), which claims a date only nine years later than the *Kozhiki*, contains a discrepant version of the ancient legends and events, and pretends to no connexion whatever with Hiyeda or with Yasumaro. To be brief, the language and the philosophy of the *Nihongi* differ immensely from those of the *Kozhiki*; and if we swallow, as modern native scholars piously—nay, fanatically—do, the theory of the age of these books, we must perforce look upon them as rival contemporary compilations; and there is in fact a neglected tradition that two writers named Kiyoshito and Fujimaro were commissioned in 714 to prepare a national history, but no further mention of it occurs anywhere. Did one of the earliest recorded quarrels of authors take place in Japan at the dawn of the 8th century, and are the *Kozhiki* and the *Nihongi* the results, notwithstanding that the head of the commission which produced the latter is to this day worshipped at Fuji no Mori under the name of Toneri Shinnō?

Tradition says that the more Chinesy, learned, "classic" style of the *Nihongi* threw the purer vernacular Japanese *Kozhiki* completely into the shade, much as Latin was treating Early English; and it is just possible that Yasumaro's classic preface, with its tale of the marvellous memory, is a literary artifice to elevate the *Kozhiki*'s vulgar style to some chance of a level competition with its rival. Nor should it be forgotten that such artifices were not unknown. Two hundred years later the celebrated Tsunayuki wrote a pretty book in the character of a woman, and the eminence of so many Japanese women as authors—chiefly, too, in the "vulgar" style which has preserved to us the ancient monuments of the Japanese tongue—is to be perhaps mainly explained by the complete surrounding of the secluded Mikado with accomplished feminine officials of high families, through whom even his male ministers had to communicate with him—perhaps one of the funniest rights of women facts in universal history.

It must not be slurred over that the *Kozhiki* also has an ambitious preface, claiming for itself the date 622. The Japanese are divided about this, but their great scholar Motowori had no doubt that it is chiefly a later forgery, compiled from the *Kozhiki* and the *Nihongi*; and he spotted passages in it, and dates, of the ninth century. The *Nihongi* again, take it by itself, is, so far as its chronology goes, one of the most naively audacious impostures ever produced; for having itself fixed the origin of historians 300 years previous to its own compilation, it openly proceeds to assign backward dates—precise even to the month and the day—to all the events for eleven other earlier centuries, or 1,500 years before its own date.

All this to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no manner of doubt that the *Kozhiki* is a book of the greatest value. The language may be "queer and bald," but it is the most important literary monument of the Turanian, Scythian, or Altaic speech; and so far as the Manchu, Mongolian, Turkish, and Finnish groups are concerned, not only does this archaic production carry us, but even the subsequent classic literature of Japan carries us, back several centuries beyond the earliest extant documents of the Tamil or of any other tongue. There, especially in its poems, in the poetry of the *Nihongi* and of the *Myriad Leaves*, and in the traditional prehistoric Shintō rituals, are to be found the traces of

what the natural Japan was before the foreign influences she is so ready to assimilate had, even in Korean or Chinese forms, touched her primeval purity. To students of Altaic mythology, and to the philologists who are now pursuing the Northern origin of the Aryan race, these books are invaluable, and they should be grateful to Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain for the dry labour he has devoted to a complete translation of the *Kozhiki*, and to the Asiatic Society of Japan for undertaking its publication in a volume of some 400 pages (Transactions, vol. x., supp.)

The *Kozhiki*, or Notes of Archaic Affairs, remained in MS., chiefly perhaps in the charge of the priesthood of the Shintō temples, until 1644, when a very rare edition appeared. We are not told much of the origin of this edition, which must have been prepared from an imperfect MS., and produced many erroneous readings and faults of transcription. It was reprinted in facsimile in 1798; but in the meantime another edition had appeared in 1687, correcting most of the faults, and, as is the too constant fate of successive editors, committing many new ones; and so the matter remained until Motowori Norinaga went to work, and between 1789 and 1822 produced his great edition in the forty-four large volumes of the *Kozhiki Den*, or Commentary, perhaps the most admirable piece of work of which Japanese erudition can boast. Motowori could find but four MSS. to collate with the printed editions, and these were all incorrect, but happily not uniformly so.

Within brief limits it is possible to give but a very general idea of a few of the points which render the *Kozhiki* valuable for comparative studies. The origin and growth of tribal names appear in many passages. Such names were supposed to be given and controlled by the Mikado, and a sort of herald's visitation is recorded as early as the fifth century, when the ordeal by boiling water was employed to test the rightful ownership of names. We find that names, too, were taken from the kami, or indigenous gods, and from animals and birds, which may imply totemism; and we find tailed kami, and kami who take the forms of animals, as elsewhere. One overwhelming fault has been committed in this translation by dropping the original mythological names, and inserting in their stead a generally senseless English rendering; and the same has been done with the titles of Japanese books. And this in spite of the facts that the Japanese names are often confessedly cryptic, and that we are constantly informed that the translations are "only conjectural" or "extremely doubtful." It is as though a treatise on French literature proceeded on the perverse plan of presenting us *Le Lutrin* as the Lectern, and its author as Drinkwater Of-the-Meadows. When this gets to such a pitch as substituting "his augustness Heaven-plenty-earth-plenty-heaven's-sun-height-prince-rice-ear-ruddy-plenty" over and over again for the long-accepted abbreviation *Ninigi no mikoto*, it really sounds as if the translator was heavily joking with his readers. Of course, what should be done in such cases is to explain the name in a note when it first occurs, as Mr. Chamberlain very properly does, and leave its original in the text then and ever after (abbreviated for practical use, as names are in all countries), giving an index, classified and raisonné, at the close. The translator here had Motowori's three volumes of indices to make the running for him, and yet he gives us none at all. It is a leading fact that the signification of the early mortal and place names in the *Kozhiki* is very much more obscure than that of the divine names; and if the more obvious class could be safely assumed to have arisen latest, a terrible blow would be struck at the remotely archaic reputation of Japanese mythology.

Divination was practised by dreams, or by observing the "crackle" on the scorched blade-bones of deer—originally, doubtless, sacrificial victims. The same ritual has been traced not alone in China and among the Mongols, the Kirghiz, the Bedawee and the Lapps, but in England, Ireland, and among the North American Indians; the Vendantid, too, mentions the sanctity of blade-bones. The similar Eastern practice with tortoiseshell would have sprung up among seaside people. Even the kami, the indigenous gods, are made to practise divination, and the office of augur became hereditary, like the priesthood, among the four Urabe or Occult-tribes. The intimate connexion between oaths, cures, wagers and pledges comes out very plainly in many passages, and the making of the kami a party to the contract in an oath is also clear.

The personal name was given to the infant by the mother, who retired alone to an expressly built parturition-hut for her delivery, a primeval savage custom which survives in Kāfīristan, and, little modified, among the modern Parsis. The tent, which plays so great a part in early Arabian marriage, was paralleled by a special hut in Japan, and there are other resemblances between the marriage customs of the races. Cave-dwellings are found not only in heaven, but for both gods and men on earth; and Japan, which has produced so many other contrasts with Western developments, appears to have had no Bronze age, but to have possessed iron before the discovery of copper. Of the Stone age we have several remanets in the *Kozhiki*; and Mr. Chamberlain cannot have paid much attention to the subject, or he would not have inserted the word "swords" four times into the fighting song on pp. 142 and 347, where it is all but indubitable that stone weapons are meant; and this song thus becomes a perhaps unique fragment of the poetry of a Stone age. It also seems to have escaped him that the "rock-quivers," *isha-yugi*, of the kami (p. 112) were not made of "rock," or to hold arrows—for they clasped the arrows under their arms, and took the "quivers" on their backs—but were to hold the stones from the rocky bed of

Heaven's river, the thunderbolts, which were their divine projectiles. It is in accordance with this view that a stone, probably a meteorite, is kept among the Mikado's regalia, and that on Takama no hara, the steppe near Kashima, where the thunder-god fought and worsted the demons, stone arrow-heads are still found; the very name of this place, High-heaven's plain, is borrowed from a celestial prototype. And it would be nowise inconsistent with this interpretation to take the "hard rocks" from the same river of heaven (p. 54), which are used for smelting by a Japanese Vulcan, to mean coal or coals of heaven's fire; and we must again part company with Mr. Chamberlain as to the Ame no kanayama, whence the "iron" is here taken. The correct rendering is not "the heavenly metal-mountains, i.e. the mines," but "the Metal-mountain of heaven," the same which is the Su Meru of the Puranas, the Kwenlun of China, the later Shumisen and Someiro-yama of Buddhist Japan, where the fabulous gold is found; and for that reason we are inclined to pause at Mr. Chamberlain's doubtful "iron," and to side rather with Hirata and others who, as he notes, say "metal" or "true metal," without deciding that it was gold. The Heaven-mountain naturally brings us to the World-tree, the Jambu-tree on Shumisen, the Ash Yggdrasill of Norse mythology, which branches all over the universe and up to heaven; the idea of which Byron hashed up as

This boundless Upas, this all-blasting tree
Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches be
The skies.

and if we are not very far wrong, Mr. Chamberlain has translated unawares a very ancient hymn which asks for comparison with the oldest known to us on this subject:—

As for the branches of the hundred-fold flourishing tsuki-tree . . . the uppermost branch has the sky [Heaven] above it, the middle branch has the East above it, the lowest branch has the country [Earth] above it. A leaf from the tip of the uppermost branch falls against the middle branch, a leaf from the tip of the middle branch falls against the lowest branch, a leaf from the lowest branch falling . . . all goes curdle-curdle.

And so on, the last portion giving us some inkling of a cosmical genesis differing from the spear-legend of Izanagi. Here it must be noted, too, that the Japanese commentators—and their translator follows them—seem to bungle sadly over the "palace raised on one foot," built for the mythical Mikado Jimmu by the Hiko, or Prince, of Usa. It was manifestly a reminiscence of what Izanagi did when he planted the nuboko, or spear, which became the axis of the earth, in the island of Onogoro, and, taking it for the central pillar, built a palace round it. While on the subject of Scandinavian myths, other parallels might be pointed out. Such are the birth or creation of things from the bodies of dead kami, which recalls the formation of the universe from the carcass of Ymir, although it also resembles the Chinese myth of P'an-ku; and the contests of supernatural strength and magic wile between Thor and Loki have a likeness to the tale of Take Minagata, who comes up balancing on his finger-tips a rock which it would take a thousand men to move, and boasting. "Who is it," he shouts, "that has come to our dominion? He works by underhand ways, but I want a trial of strength. Let me take his hand." But no sooner does he grip hold of Take Mikadzuchi's hand than it first turns to an icicle in his grasp, and then to a keen sword-blade. Here we clearly have a storm-myth in which Thor actually figures as Mikadzuchi, the thunder-god, with hail as the icicle, and the lightning as a flashing sword. Minagata's stupendous rock, too, is a further support of the view we have already taken of the divine missiles.

As to other natural phenomena, Mr. Chamberlain seems oblivious when he says that the *Kozhiki* contains "no testimony to any effect produced on the imagination by the constant Japanese earthquakes"; but very early indeed in the myths, when Susanoo, the Impetuous-male, dashes up to heaven, "all the mountains and rivers shook, and every land and country quaked." As to the moon, there is a striking analogy to ancient Egyptian exoteric beliefs, for it is an abode of the dead; and we have also the region of darkness, which is otherwise the root, the bottom, the under, the nethermost region, just as in the Egyptian "Book of Departure from the Day," which Lepsius named the *Todtentbuch*; and the Japanese moon-god Tsukuyomi rules over the realm of night like Osiris. We could wish that Mr. Chamberlain's translating cacoethes had not led him to use the word "hades"; the Japanese *yomi* has linguistically quite as good a *locus standi* in an English version, and, besides, it does not mislead. As to the red and the black shields and spears presented to certain kami in § 64, mention is made in a note of the view of the elder Japanese scholars, "who fancied they saw some mysterious import connected with the cardinal points"; but surely it is a quite rudimentary fact that among the Chinese five colours red and black are assigned to summer and winter. Moribe, one of the commentators of the *Kozhiki*, enthusiastically praises a song in which the Mikado Yū-riyaku speaks of himself as an august deity. It was just what Roman Emperors did, notably Diocletian, when, according to Aurelius Victor, he decreed prostration before himself as a god.

The *Kozhiki* discloses that the ancient custom of burying alive horses and retainers at the grave of a chief obtained to an appalling extent in Japan. The slaughter must have been in its way comparable to the human sacrifices of Peru, and must have long prevailed, for we find such usual phrases as "following the dead," and "setting a hedge of men" round the grave-mound. We cannot imagine why the translation has "in the Mauso-

leum"; Mr. Chamberlain must be presumed to know what the Mausoleum was; and why, oh why does he call this burying alive a holocaust? The wretched victims were buried only to the neck, and the Nihongi does not spare us their cries as their heads were devoured piecemeal by the dogs and the crows. Eventually clay figures of men and horses were substituted, and the term for the observance became *haniwa*, "a circle of human clay figures set up round the edge of the sepulchral mound." The burial of living slaves, and of vicarious wooden puppets, was practised early in China. We also know from other sources that as late as A.D. 646 a Mikado's decree forbade strangulation or self-strangulation "to follow the dead," and this would naturally lead us to look for some practice such as the *sati* of the virtuous Hindoo widow, and we find it in the Kozhiki where Sahobiko was slain, "and his younger sister [his paramour] followed him." Mr. Chamberlain is quite out here in adding the gloss, "i.e. was slain with him." On this subject of ritualistic suicide there is another remarkable passage where Tsubura, one of the two survivors of a rebellion, kills himself "by cutting off his own head." The translator offers no elucidation of thisfeat; decapitation in the harakiri was always effected by the principal actor's second.

It is not pleasant to have to make so many disparaging remarks about what is, in the main, a really excellent translation, for which we are duly grateful; but we must add to them. Substituting Emperor for Mikado is nowadays a little too absurd, and such equivalents as suzerain, king, duke, and even duchess, for archaic Japanese honorifics are provokingly out of place. It is difficult to see what the objection was to retaining native terms such as *kimi* and *miko*. A list of a score of these titles (p. xv.) contains even several inconsistencies, "lord" being used for four different Japanese honorifics, and "noble" for two. And why the liquor *sake* should be Englished at all; and, if so, why it should be called "rice-beer," when we are told, and correctly, that it is neither beer nor spirit, is more than we can discover; *sake* in reality resembles an execrably-bad sherry more than anything else. Nor can we accept *béche-de-mer* and *stiletto* as English words. It is almost comic to translate *kashihade* as "butler"; Mr. Satow was on the spot when he rendered it "cook." And why, may we ask, does Mr. Chamberlain print repeatedly "an heavenly" and "an hall"; and why does he make ye complain so often that your messengers are "long of bringing back report"?

What we chiefly lack now is a competent Chinese commentary on these early Japanese productions.

THE RISE IN HOPS AND MALT.

THE failure of the hop crop and the damage done to barley have put a stop for the time at least to the brewery boom, and have even caused a heavy fall in the prices of brewery shares. This week the fall has been arrested because of the improvement in the weather. When it will begin again will depend very much upon whether the yield of barley is better or worse than is now expected. Of all the crops hops have suffered most. It is generally estimated that the English crop will be only from one-third to a half of last year's crop, and upon the Continent matters are not much better. In the United States, it is true, the crop is a fine one; but little hope is entertained that supplies can be obtained from America large enough to make up for the deficiency in Europe. There has in consequence been a rapid and very great rise in the price of hops. At the present time the price is about double what it was in October last. It is generally estimated that from 10 to 12 lbs. of hops are used in the brewing of pale ale for every quarter of malt, from 8 to 10 lbs. of hops to the quarter of malt in the brewing of stout, and from 4 to 6 lbs. in the brewing of porter. About 400,000 quarters of malt are used in Guinness's brewery, and about 150,000 quarters in Allsopp's. Assuming that only 6 lbs. of hops for every quarter of malt are used in Guinness's brewery—that is, the mean between what is used for stout and for porter—it will be seen that 2,400,000 lbs. of hops are altogether consumed every year. A rise of 6d. per lb. would mean, therefore, an addition to the cost of hops of 60,000*l.*; and, of course, a rise of only 3d. would mean half as much, or 30,000*l.* In the case of Allsopp's, assuming that 10 lbs. of hops are used for every quarter of malt, the additional cost of hops in consequence of a rise of 6d. per lb. would be 37,500*l.*; or, if the rise were only 3d., it would be only half as much. But a 6 per cent. dividend in the case of Allsopp's requires 66,000*l.*; consequently, a rise of 6d. per lb. in hops would increase the cost of material by more than half the dividend paid last year. The effect of a rise of 6d. per lb. in the price of hops is much smaller in the case of Guinness. We saw above that it would add to the cost of hops 60,000*l.*; but 375,000*l.* was paid in dividends to the ordinary shareholders last year; so that a rise of 6d. per lb. in the price of hops would still leave 315,000*l.* for the ordinary shareholders. Whereas, in the case of Allsopp's, it would take away more than half of last year's dividend. In this we have one explanation of the greater magnitude of the fall in Allsopp's shares than in those of Guinness.

The barley crop is quite up to the average so far as mere quantity is concerned, both in this country and upon the Continent, but it has been greatly damaged by the bad weather, and it looked last week as if it would be got in in exceedingly bad condition. Serious fears, therefore, were entertained as to the

quality of home-grown barley and its fitness for malting. The improvement in the weather this week has restored hope that at least the crop will be harvested under favourable conditions, and if we have some weeks equally fine, doubtless the quality will greatly improve. The price of barley has fluctuated very widely, and not very comprehensively, during the past twelve months. In the middle of September last year, the average price in the markets of England and Wales was 27s. 4d. In the middle of May it rose to 32s. 4d. Then it began to fall, and in the middle of August it was as low as 18s. 8d. Since then, however, there has been another rise, the average last week having been as much as 24s. 2d.; and this week there has been a further rise. Still, it will be seen that the price of barley is lower than it was at the same date last year. Should the weather continue favourable, and the yield of the crop turn out better than is now expected, the price may not advance very much more, but if there is a return of bad weather, or if when threshing begins the damage is found to have been greater than is now believed, there will, of course, be a considerable further rise. In any event it will be seen from the figures we have already given as to the quantity of malt used by Guinness and Allsopp's breweries that every advance in barley has a material effect upon the cost of brewing materials. Last week the fall in brewery shares was sharp, because the weather was unfavourable, and it was feared that the damage to barley would be serious. This week the fall has been checked, and there has even been some recovery in Guinness's shares. Allsopp's shares have not participated in the improvement because the last year's working disappointed the shareholders; and if under favourable circumstances the result was disappointing, it is naturally apprehended that, with the conditions now ruling, the disappointment will be still greater in the current year. However that may be, the market for brewery shares is in a most sensitive state at the present moment, going up and down according to every change in the weather.

Probably there is exaggeration in the fears now entertained, as there undoubtedly was in the hopes cherished a little while ago. The great breweries doubtless hold large stocks both of barley and of hops. It is true, of course, that the stocks will be exhausted in time, and must be replenished; but they may not be exhausted for a considerable time yet, and should the next harvest be a good one, the replenishing may, in part at least, be delayed until prices again become moderate. And by the smaller breweries we may assume that brewing substitutes will be largely used. Substitutes can hardly be availed of by the breweries that turn out the best qualities of beers, but by the inferior breweries they will, no doubt, be largely used. Still, of course, there must be some loss of profit; for with so great a rise in the price of hops, and consequently so material an addition to the cost of materials, a loss of profits is inevitable, unless the price of beer could be raised, and that, we presume, is impracticable. But the loss of profits may be very much smaller than is now anticipated. Still it is sufficient to have already caused a very heavy fall in the prices of some shares, and to make a further fall very likely, because prices had been unduly inflated previously. A couple of months ago we showed that in two and a half years about 30 millions sterling had been paid by the public for private breweries turned into Joint-Stock Companies, of which roughly about 25 millions were in ordinary shares and stocks. And we showed further that prices had been run up extravagantly. So great, indeed, was the eagerness of the public for brewery properties, that foreign breweries, more particularly German and American, were successfully sold in this market, although it is not very probable that an English Board of Directors can satisfactorily manage breweries on the Continent and at the other side of the Atlantic. It was not difficult to foresee what must be the end of a speculation like this, and the bad harvest has furnished the occasion for the fall that every thoughtful observer anticipated. The fall has been comparatively slight in the case of Guinness's stock, which is still at a premium of more than 200 per cent., for Guinness's brewery does not use in proportion as much hops as the pale-ale breweries, and, besides, its business is growing constantly. But it has been very heavy in other stocks. And it would surprise nobody if the downward movement were to re-commence. When prices are run up extravagantly, it is natural to expect that they should run down rapidly. We may take it, then, that the fall, where it has been heavy, is the result of undue speculation quite as much as of the bad harvest. Genuine investors know that bad harvests are to be expected from time to time, and particularly the hop harvest is a precarious one, but it is reasonable to expect that the next hop crop will be good, and there is no reason, therefore, why a genuine investor should throw away his property in a panic simply because of one bad hop crop. It is different, of course, with speculators. They buy in hope of realizing a profit quickly in consequence of a rise in price, and when a fall of price is more probable of course they sell.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

THE common notion that, when once the dramatic action is suspended by the fall of the drop-scene, the audience, enlarged from school, as it were, may return to the outside world, scarcely fulfils the true ideal of "dramatic interest." This should permeate

the building and its adjuncts. Our feelings are very different when we enter some monumental "State Theatre" abroad, and patrol its noble corridors and porticos, and when we pass, say, through the squeezed passages of Mr. Thorne's snug Vaudeville Theatre. Here there is no pretence of aesthetic impression hovering in the air—we are drawn down to earth in the most earthy manner conceivable. But where there is a real interest in the play before us, an interest growing and developing during the long night, the interval between the acts, if it does not strictly belong to the piece, should at least harmonize and be attuned to it. To effect this result, the drop-scene, and the music "between the acts" are important influences.

Nor let any one think there is aught that is fantastical in looking to such trifles; for a principle underlies these reconciliations. That "old familiar face," the great green curtain, which hung down so mournfully before us—a vast mysterious waste—has practically been abolished, and is retained in only a couple of the greater and more old-fashioned theatres. Yet in its huge and sombre expanse—suggesting the undefined and inexpressive generality of the sea—there is a pregnancy of deep significance. "When we got in," says Charles Lamb, recalling his first visit to the play, "I beheld the green curtain that veiled a Heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed. What breathless anticipations I endured!" He felt that it was the great mystic barrier between a world of fancy and shadows and the prosaic matter-of-fact region in which he sat—the majestic, scarcely-perceptible movement, that floating in waves and eddies, as the figures passed behind, lent a sense of awe. And at the end, as it descended in slow measure, unwreathing itself as it were, and gently shut out from view the prostrate figures who had just given up the ghost, it was felt that no closure could be more fitting or appropriate.

With the decay of tragedy, however, the function of the green curtain has lost half its force. The "tableau curtains" now in fashion which simulate tapestry seem to have abolished this sense of there being a barrier between the two worlds. They are dropped down from the sides in a highly practical fashion, and but too often need the assistance of a scarcely veiled familiar to make them join decently. We feel that there is something of the drawing-room here, a sort of continuity between the stage and the auditorium. We could see little profanity in some too curious person climbing from the stalls, lifting the folds, and passing into the dramatic region beyond. But with the vast green curtain such would be sacrilege; once down, the heavy clouds had settled on the earth. In the old strict days the only issue belonged to the audience side of the world, and was through the now exploded stage doors.

M. Garnier, in his exhaustive work *Le Théâtre*, has bestowed a chapter on the drop-scene, whose proper treatment, he contends with justice, is in intimate connexion with dramatic propriety. It is obvious that it should not have the indistinct finality of the curtain, which betokens that we know not what is to come, or that, knowing all, the "book is closed." It presents itself gaily when there is a temporary suspension of the dramatic interest. A generation or so ago, when our Grieves and Telbines and Beverleys were in full flourishing, the drop-scenes of the greater theatres were works of art, often representing a landscape of the Turner pattern—a scene in Greece, with a temple and classical figures carelessly grouped—and generally a delight to the eye. Telbin excelled in such work, and usually displayed a tall and graceful stone pine at the side, which would have gratified the dilettante Sir George Beaumont, always eager to ask, "Where is your brown tree?" Pleasing as was this high display of workmanship, there is something incongruous, as Garnier urges, in seeing pillars, trunks of trees, &c., disappearing round a roller—the roller itself mounting steadily—and a glance, when the picture, half way aloft, seems cut in half, operates as a disenchantment. A further objection is that such a picture is virtually but another scene, and is only distinguishable from the regular scenery by being more forward. M. Garnier rightly concludes that, as the drop-scene is virtually a screen or curtain, its most fitting presentment should be a simulated or painted curtain; and in the treatment of rich and broken folds, cords and tassels and amber-coloured stuffs the artist has often produced some beautiful and effective work. As the light plays on such performances, the whole seems in harmony with a brilliant house, gay dresses, jewels, and flowers. Effective also, according to strict aesthetic canons, is a small classical or allegorical picture framed in the centre of the scene, and with curtains draped gracefully round it. No discussion, of course, need be expended on the barbarous, brutal practice, known to some Paris houses, of emblazoning the drop-scene with vulgar advertisements, the effect of which must be literally destructive of all the finer tissues of sentiment and romance.

As we have said, the interval "between the acts" is by all means to be considered in its reference to the main dramatic interest. This is shown by the curious and indescribable sense—familiar to the habitual playgoer—on arriving when the night is half spent, the drop-scene down, and the music playing. There is a fevered something of expectancy and suspense in the air. He feels that the brilliant, restless crowd has seen things that he, fresh from the cold order of things outside, has not, and that it is waiting for what is to come. It is akin to that idly bending of the eyes, or vacancy, which, we are told, follows when a well-graced actor has left the scene. This sense is peculiarly experienced in the brilliantly-administered Lyceum, which at such

moments seems to revive the old glories of the Opera House. There beauty, flowers, jewels, and costly raiment adorn the fair, as in the old lyric days. There is a general air of gaiety and bright magnificence. With excellent propriety the old green curtain still reigns to shut out the mysteries of the stage, as well as a regulated darkness which hides the mystery of the changing scene. By these arts the gorgeousness of effusive light and colours is made subordinate to, or co-existent with, dramatic effect, and this is not the least merit in the accomplished manager's system.

There is ever something welcome and soothing in the music "between the acts," and when there is a judicious conductor it may add much to the entertainment of the night. There is something ludicrous, however, in the musical Toryism exhibited in the selection of the pieces. There is hardly a theatre in the kingdom where the overture to the *Crown Diamonds*, to *Martha* or *The Bronze Horse* or to Suppé's *Poet and Peasant* is not played two or three times in the week. Some half a dozen of Auber's overtures may be said to be the stock pieces; in truth, they are always welcome, alike to pit and stalls, from their artfully compounded gaiety and seriousness, and, like *The Vicar of Wakefield*, please us in youth and in age. *Zampa* is not so frequently drawn upon now, perhaps owing to the difficulties of execution. After the third act the *valse* of the day is introduced, and the more "throbbing and despairing" the more acceptable. At the Lyceum, where there is an orchestra of the first class, and, until lately, a composer of the first class as conductor, the music is a feast indeed, and the best works of Schumann, Liszt, Marschner, and others are given in admirable style. It may be remarked, however, that such music does not involve the necessity of a large orchestra; a skilful conductor, who selects his men, and arranges with care, will produce a surprising effect. A multitude of cheap fiddlers will not produce a corresponding volume of tone; one "good man" is equal to three or four such. When Mr. Oscar Barrett was at one of the East-End theatres he had but six or eight performers, and produced good results with this slender cohort. We must not pass by a new departure which has taken place by some of our more cultivated *chefs*, notably by Herr Armbruster at the defunct Court Theatre—viz. throwing the burden on a grand pianoforte, filling in with strings, but rigorously excluding all brass. This allows of newer and more interesting works being performed, but there is left an impression on the hearer as of something untheatrical. The spectacle of a leader seated at a grand piano seems homely in comparison with the leader perched aloft controlling his musical whirlwind. There is also a sort of monotony in the tone. In the ranks of theatrical conductors are now found artists of great accomplishments, such as Mr. Hamilton Clarke, Mr. Slaughter, Mr. Cellier, M. Buccalossi, Mr. Oscar Barrett, all composers, to say nothing of others of lesser degree and merit. The leader of the music is often called upon—though not so invariably as in Paris—to display his skill in writing shadowy, expressive music to accompany spoken words, and these strains must express all the fitful modes of agitation, love, horror, and approaching destiny. Our neighbours during the course of a protracted *Porte St. Martin* drama require the stream of music to meander on from beginning to end, and we have often admired the prodigious fancy and sustained variety of these efforts. Our composers too often content themselves with introducing the simplest *leit-motif* when the heroine is on the eve of meeting her estranged husband or children, of whose society she has been unjustly deprived.

SOME BIRDS OF THE WATERSIDE.

HERE is, and always has been, something fascinating about running water. Savage tribes name their children after it, and their songs and legends are full of allusions to it. And not only is this so with primitive people, but enlightened ones. Even now men direct their roads by the waterways, and for reasons far other than those of trade and commerce. No one knew better than Charles Kingsley what charms there are about brightly-running streams, and none enjoyed them more than he. He knew and said that he saw a hundred sights and heard a hundred sounds that were hidden from the traveller on the dusty highway. The pedestrian of the road sees only the outside of the land—sees only its commonplace sights; but the haunter of the waterside is brought face to face with nature's secrets—the flowers and birds and insect life of the rich river banks. Here man never interferes, here everything is wild wood and water—where everything flourishes and the drought never comes. Then, again, the rivers and streams are the chief arteries of the land, and yield to a host of field and woodland creatures the life-giving elements; and is it not true that whatever is found on the land is found in still greater abundance by the waterways?

The stream banks have their insects, their plants, their birds; and are not these among the chief charms? The birds essentially of the waterside are the dipper and the kingfisher, with a host of others that are less characteristic. The dipper! As to just what part this pretty white-breasted thrush plays in the economy of nature naturalists are by no means agreed. The water-ouzel is essentially a bird of the running brook and its waterfalls, and wherever these abound there the dipper will be found. His most frequent stand is upon some mossy stone in the river reach, and here his crescented form may oftenest be seen. He haunts the brightly-running streams in winter as in summer, and when these are transformed into roaring torrents he seems to love them best.

Let us watch him awhile. He dashes through the spray and into the white foam, performing his morning ablutions. Then he emerges to perch on his stone, always jerking his body about, and dipping, dipping, ever dipping. Presently he melts into the water like a bubble, but immediately emerges to regain his seat. Then he trills out a loud wren-like song, but, breaking off short, again disappears. We are standing on an old stone bridge, and are enabled to observe him closely. By a rapid vibratory motion of his wings he drives himself down through the water, and by the aid of his wide-spreading though unwebbed feet, he clings to and walks among the pebbles. These he rapidly turns over with his bill, searching for the larvae of water-flies and gauzy-winged ephemerae. He searches the brook carefully downwards, sometimes clean immersed, at other times with his back out, and then with the water barely covering his feet. He does not always work with the stream, for we have frequently seen him struggling against it, but even now retaining his position upon the bottom. Even at the present day there are naturalists who, from the examination of cabinet specimens, aver it is not in the power of the bird to walk at the bottom of a brook; but then they know nothing of him along his native streams. There are few things of the waterways that are not the enemies of trout during some period of its life-history. But total exemption from blame is now generally admitted to the ouzel.

The other day we had occasion to walk over miles and miles of trout streams. In all of these fish of every size were upon the gravel beds which constitute the spawning "redds." Almost at every turn the white chemisette of the brook-bird glinted from some grey stone, and went piping before us up stream. As many of these were seen actually rummaging among the pebbles of the "redds," some few were shot for examination (it is to be feared without a "by-your-leave"). Although the post-mortems of these were carefully conducted by competent naturalists, no trace in any single case of the presence of the ova of either trout or salmon could be found, but only larvae in every stage of water-haunting insects, roughly representing the four great families of trout flies. If a number of dippers could be started from the head of the watershed of any given area, tracing the brooks and streams from source to mouth, they would register a perfect chart of the waterways of the whole district. For it is a characteristic that, however sinuously the stream may wind and double on itself, these the dipper closely follows, never skirting the land to make short flights. Even if one be fishing or boating in the stream itself, the bird rises higher, but allows no obstacle to bar its course.

The dipper is perhaps the most essentially water-bird we have, even more so than the so-called "water fowl." It seems so completely a part and parcel of the stream it inhabits that one might almost suggest its origin from the streams themselves—from the foam, or the bubbles, the spray. More frequently than not the nest is placed immediately beneath a waterfall, and the young birds get their first peep of the world without through a spray shower of water crystals. Their green mossy home conforms marvellously to the dripping rock against which it is placed, so much so that only a trained eye can detect it. The dipper is an early breeder, in some years commencing its nest in January, and having its five foam-white eggs by the end of the following month. There has been an ouzel's nest by certain rocks time out of mind. Every spring, when the first willow-wren's call comes up from the woods, we make a pilgrimage to visit it. So soon as we are near enough to hear the rush of the water over the falls, so soon do we catch the wondrously joyous strains of the brook birds. It seems that the more white water is falling the louder they sing; and often, when from the bird's bill we have seen that it was singing, the song has been completely drowned by the rush of water. But the nest! it has been against that dripping, lichenized rock since first we could reach up to it. It is one of the marvels of bird architecture—so fresh, so crisp, or cunningly woven, and yet so much in keeping with the spirit of the bird. It is quite a foot in diameter, round and bossy in outline, with a neat hole in the side, and wholly composed of the freshest green moss. Standing by, one is soon drenched through and through by the falling spray, which makes a miniature rainbow against the sun. It is here that the young dippers first begin life, and a fairy spot it is. They soon learn to love the white foam and the torrent, and a few days after they leave the nest may be seen wading among the shallows or occasionally disappearing into the deeps. From these they emerge, the golden water trickling from their backs, but seldom without some soft-bodied thing from among the pebbles.

The young of both dippers and kingfishers are driven from the paternal haunts as soon as they are able to fare for themselves. Never more than a pair are found along a river reach, and soon they get to have well-defined beats, which they seldom fly beyond except under stress of circumstances. Pairing probably begins in autumn, as it is then, when all other birds are silent, that the peculiarly sweet wren-like song is heard, invariably in the vicinity of running water. The birds will not long stay where the water is slow or "logged"; they must have the white foam, the torrent, the pebbly reaches, and the shallows. In fact, they could not obtain their food under conditions other than these. The mountain burns abound with various aquatic insects and their larvae, and in limestone districts in innumerable fresh-water molluscs. As we have shown, not only is the ouzel innocent of destroying the eggs and fry of trout and salmon, but it is indirectly a friend of a factory. It is well known that among the chief enemies to spawn

are the larvae known as caddisworms, that of the dragon-fly, May and stone fly, and also of various water-beetles. Now all these have been found in the stomach of the dipper; and, therefore, it must confer a decided benefit to the trout streams and salmon rivers which it haunts.

The ring-ouzel, which is nearly akin to the dipper, is found almost exclusively among the fells. The species is migratory, and arrives among the hills in May, when every beck and torrent has its pair. Soon after the birds arrive they begin to sing—a song sweet, wild, and trilling. Soon the white-breasted blackbirds disperse to their lone haunts, to spend the summer among the bright green moss and dripping waterfalls. Here their food consists of larvae, worms, small-shelled snails, and various ground-beetles; while in autumn they are fond of fruit and berries, particularly those of the rowan-tree or mountain-ash. As we have wandered down the corrie behind a flock of black-faced mountain sheep, we have often heard the rock-ouzel sing under the moon and stars.

Of all our British birds none is so beautiful or so secluded in its habits as the kingfisher, though it used to be, if it is not now, an inhabitant of the banks of the Cherwell in the midst of Oxford. Its presence is peculiarly in keeping with the rapid, rocky trout-streams which it loves to haunt. Nowhere common throughout the country, it is comparatively so in the Lake District. It breeds along the banks of the Caldew, Petteril, and Eden, and also affects those of the Kent, Sprint, and Mint. Its low, arrow-like flight, as it darts, like a stream of azure, green, and gold, is familiar to every angler. He hears it far down stream; it comes under the old ivied bridge, passes like a flash, and is gone to the mossy, dripping waterfall, to the sandbank, or up the limestone-paved runner to the "Scroggs." Although glowing with metallic lustres and beautiful in its adaptations and every movement, the kingfisher builds but a careless nest—a loose structure of small fish-bones and dry soil. These substances are the hard, indigestible parts which it has, in common with the birds of prey, the power of ejecting. The hole in which the nest is placed is usually about three feet from the face of the bank, and slopes upward. The five or six eggs deposited in it are absolutely beautiful. They are purely white, and before being blown are suffused with a beautiful pinkness from the yolk. Of the many so-called nests we have examined none were compact; and it would seem that the fish-bones and soil deposited in the holes were rather ejections than substances actually taken there. The pretty myths indulged in by the poets concerning this bird have given it the name of Halcyon. Another attribute of the kingfisher was its power to quell storms, which idea Chaucer introduces. Then there is a second power possessed by the dead bird, when suspended by a silken string, of turning its back to that point of the compass from which the wind may blow.

But let us look at the beautiful bird in its haunts. We follow the course of the hazel and willow fringed stream over a mile of its pebbly reaches. There a pair of sandpipers start with tremulous wings and skirt the sand-margined banks. Then a dipper flits to the green moss-covered stone and displays its white breast in the sunlight. The loose soil slips from beneath our feet, and we clutch a spray only to alarm a wren that has her dome-shaped nest against the trunk of the neighbouring elm. There below the water holes grow the sweet saccharine aquatic plants, and the water-hens run and hide under the friendly roots of the overhanging thorn. The May-fly is upon the stream, and the silvery fresh-run fish seem all animation, even the great black trout in the "willow dub" descends to take a fat blue-bottle that is spinning round and round on the pool. Dragon-flies dart hither and thither, the bronze fly and the humble-bee are upon the wing, and the carpet of moss and flowers is alive with innumerable small insects, all busily engaged in fertilizing their flower friends, and at the same time revelling in minute drops of honey, and gilded with golden pollen. The lime-trees are a "murmurous haunt of summer wings," and you can feel the breath of life on your cheek. From the gnarled root on which you have just sat down you may view the life around. You have selected well your spot and are soon rewarded. There is an overhanging, stunted, leafless bough over there, and upon it has just alighted a kingfisher. At first his form is motionless; soon it assumes more animation, and anon is all eye and ear. Then it darts, hangs for a moment in the air like a kestrel, and returns to the perch. Again it darts with unerring aim, and secures something. This is tossed, beaten, and broken with a formidable beak, and then swallowed head foremost. The process is again and again repeated, and you find that the prey is small fish. From watching an hour you are entranced at the beauty of the fluttering, quivering thing as the sun shines upon its green and gold vibrations in mid-air. You gain some estimation, too, of the vast amount of immature fish which a pair of kingfishers and their young must destroy in a single season. Later in summer you may see the young brood with open quivering wings and constant calling as the parent birds fly to and fro. Their plumage is little less brilliant than that of the adult. The hole in which the young are reared is never made by the parent birds, but always by some small burrowing rodent, or occasionally by the little sand-martin.

The food of this species is almost entirely fish—minnows and sticklebacks forming the principal part. Water-beetles, leeches, larvae, and small trout, as well as the young of coarse fish, are, however, all partaken of at times, and during the rigour and frosts of winter the kingfishers betake themselves to the estuaries of tidal rivers, where their food of molluscs and shore-haunting creatures is daily replenished. Old naturalists aver that the bird

brings up its prey in its feet, but this is never so, as all food is taken with the beak.

A host of creatures besides birds love the stream. Water-hens lead out their black downy broods beneath the overhanging thorns, and all along the marge the water voles are busily gnawing such of the plants as are of a sweet saccharine nature. The voles are the "water rats" of the country folk, but are harmless and unoffending creatures, living exclusively on a vegetable diet. They are, in fact, miniature beavers. Here and there the loamy banks have fallen in, and along the faces of these the bank swallows have drilled their retreat. These are either flying in and out, or feeding their young, which are perched on rails running down to the stream. Ever and anon there runs out from beneath the bank a graceful little creature with a long mobile taper snout. It rummages among the dead leaves and the pebbles at the bottom of the stream, and then returns to the side with some insect to eat at leisure. In the water its body seems inflated, and is covered over with groups of silvery air bubbles, so that the common water shrew looks like some fairy thing that has taken to haunting the water.

HURRICANES.

THE dullness of the Bath meeting of the British Association has been almost unbroken, except by the occasional excursions of some of the speakers, and especially of ladies, into the realm, or the skirts of the realm, of politics. The discussion about lightning-rods is very little more than a repetition of what we heard last year; the theory of atolls has been examined again, without any new results; the vandalisms perpetrated by the Corporation at the old Roman bath have been seen and commented upon; and every local philosopher has had an opportunity of airing his particular fad. It is pleasant, when wading through the reports—which seem in most cases to sound as if we had heard them before—to come upon a little piece of genuine scientific discovery. Mr. Abercromby has already obtained much favourable notice for his works on meteorology; and, if his new theory of cyclones turns out as sound as we should expect anything of the kind from his hands to be, he will have done an immense service to the seagoing part of mankind at least. A knowledge of the laws which affect the movements of "tornadoes," or hurricanes, or typhoons, or cyclones, call them what we will, is of the utmost importance to every navigating ship's officer. Their simplification, also, should be aimed at, and something, if possible, should be added to the brief line of advice, which is nearly all that could until lately be given to people about to encounter a cyclone. Mr. Abercromby began his paper by combating some of the older theories. A hurricane has hitherto been described as a circular eddy round which circular winds blew. This cyclonic system was not thought to be connected with any surrounding trade wind or monsoon. The idea that a hurricane could change its shape as well as its depth and intensity was not entertained. Recent researches, conducted presumably by Mr. Abercromby, show that a cyclonic system is not circular, but oval, and that its centre or vortex is not in the geometrical centre of the oval, but nearer one edge or other of the whole depression. He states that he has examined some sixty hurricanes or parts of hurricanes, and finds that the wind blows as "a spiral of variable incurvature," round the vortex, and not round the centre of the oval. There is some obscurity here in the reports of Mr. Abercromby's paper, which will no doubt be cleared up when it is published in full; but we understand him to mean that the axis of the cyclone is neither the centre of a circle nor one of the axes of an oval. In his book on *Weather* he had already noticed what he calls the "nutation" of the vortex of a cyclone; but his new theory accounts for the movement on more rational grounds. He further observes that the rotation of a cyclone in the Northern hemisphere is "counter-clockwise"; but south of the equator it is clockwise—that is, it revolves from right to left in the north and from left to right in the south; but the amount of incurvature varies in different parts of the oval; and, as a rule, "in all hurricanes the incurvature is less in front than in rear of the vortex." The hurricane, moreover, is constantly changing its shape. The oval lies sometimes in one way and sometimes in another, and the path of the depression is not always a straight line, for the vortex sways about, and sometimes even describes a loop. It is, therefore, impossible to make any hard and fast rule as to avoiding the vortex by observations on board of a single ship. It used to be stated positively that, facing the wind, the vortex bore eight points, or at a right angle, to the right or left hand, according to the hemisphere. Now, according to Mr. Abercromby, when a ship is fairly within the area of the storm and facing the wind, the vortex, in the northern hemisphere, will be from eight to twelve points to the right of the wind, and the reverse, of course, south of the line. Still greater precision can be attained in certain circumstances. If the situation indicates that a ship is nearly in front of the vortex, the bearing of the vortex will probably be not much more than the right angle mentioned to the right or left. Several other rules of the kind are given in this interesting paper which should certainly prove to be of great value. The author finds that a hurricane is usually connected with a prevailing or trade wind or with a monsoon. He finds a belt of intensified trade wind always on the side of the hurricane furthest from the equator, and this discovery enables him to give still

further warning and advice to mariners. In concluding, Mr. Abercromby, whose views seem to have been accepted unanimously by the scientific men present, complained that the German Government in its examinations of masters and mates, lays down the laws of cyclonic disturbance far more clearly and comprehensively than does our Board of Trade.

THE ST. LEGER.

THE St. Leger, with the Two Thousand and the Derby, may be said to make up a story in three volumes of the three-year-old form of the racing year. The first volume of all was perhaps the most sensational this season, as the colt that everyone said was going to win all three races, Sir Frederick Johnstone's Friar's Balsam, with 3 to 1 laid on him, became helpless during the race for the Two Thousand through the bursting of a large abscess in his mouth, leaving the Duke of Portland's Ayrshire to win easily by two lengths, while Johnny Morgan, Orbit, and Crowberry were only separated by heads. The continuation of the narrative, in what we may term the second volume, was somewhat monotonous, for in the Derby Ayrshire again won by two lengths, Crowberry being second. The third in the race was five lengths off, and it was difficult to say which of the competitors would really have been "third best," if there had been a hard-fought struggle for that honour. The Derby being over, the third volume may be said to have opened immediately, as public form was shown in the Grand Prize on the following day, as well as in the Oaks on the Friday, which had a more or less direct bearing upon the St. Leger. Lord Bradford's Merry Andrew beat Johnny Morgan for the Grand Prize by a greater distance than Ayrshire had beaten him for the Two Thousand, and Lord Calthorpe's Seabreeze won the Oaks so easily that she at once became second favourite, and soon afterwards first favourite for the St. Leger. Immediately after winning the Oaks she was barely a better favourite than Crowberry; but when that colt was beaten for the Grand Prix he lost caste among St. Leger backers, and when Ayrshire did not run at Ascot, on account it was said of a threatened lameness, he went from 5 to 2 down to 33 to 1 for the St. Leger, while Seabreeze was established first favourite at the former price. The Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot was won by the Duke of Westminster's Ossory, who had started at 10 to 1, and he became third favourite at 8 to 1 for the St. Leger. At the same meeting Seabreeze won the Coronation Stakes of 2,200l. very easily; but on the following day, to the horror of her backers for the St. Leger, she was beaten by the four-year-old Phil for the Rous Memorial Stakes. She was excused, however, on the ground of having considerably the worst of the weights, at weight for age, and being a little "stale" after her race of the preceding day. The defeat of the Duke of Westminster's Orbit for a Triennial at Ascot by Rada, who had been second to Seabreeze for the Oaks, naturally affected that colt's position in the St. Leger betting.

Before the end of June, Ayrshire had risen again from 33 to 1 up to 5 to 1; there appeared to be a possibility of the resurrection of Friar's Balsam also, and in July he touched 16 to 1. The Eclipse Stakes had a strong effect upon the prospects of the St. Leger. When the betting opened backers made Ossory first favourite, and very properly, on public form. Presently there was a rumour that Orbit was the best of the pair at home; so Orbit became first favourite. In the actual race very strong running was made with Ossory for the benefit of Orbit, and, although the latter won after a hard race with the former by a length, three plausible excuses were made for Ossory, the first being that he had been forced to run himself out (to make the whole of the running in a large field is to finish at a disadvantage of 7 lbs. according to certain authorities), the second that he gave Orbit 4 lbs., and the third that he was ridden by Tom Cannon junior, while Orbit was ridden by Tom Cannon senior.

At Goodwood the St. Leger betting received a shock. Even-money was laid on Seabreeze for the Sussex Stakes, while 5 to 2 was laid against Ossory; and it was regarded as a public St. Leger trial between the pair. Yet neither of them was even placed. The race was won by Zanzibar, "a mere pony," as she was called, that had lost the only race for which she had ever run previously; Estafette, who also had never won a race and had been unplaced for the One Thousand and a bad second to Seabreeze at Ascot, was second, while Sheen, who had been far behind Seabreeze at the same meeting, was third, although both Estafette and Sheen were now meeting Seabreeze on worse terms. The defence of Seabreeze and Ossory was very simple. It was that the course was so wet as to render any form shown over it absolutely valueless. Neither Seabreeze nor Ossory could act in the mud, said their friends. What, then, would become of them if there were to be mud at Doncaster? asked their enemies.

A week after the Goodwood Meeting an event took place which had an important influence on the prospects of the St. Leger. This was the scratching of Mr. Vyner's Crowberry. For some days he had been unsteady in the betting, and on Saturday, the 11th of August, his name was struck out of the race. Another important scratching was that of Friar's Balsam, on the 28th of August. Great efforts had been made to prepare him for the St. Leger; but it was found to be impossible. If he could have been brought to the post at his best he could scarcely have failed to win.

The arrangement of 4 colts that better held coursing of the straight line. After Liver James at St. Leger's Cather Wednesday out of Arran went On M exceeded Chilling won the Ca. Although greater was not that he knew that, was one of that he for a time was regarded as a beginner. The very about his teen hours the post slight drop. Before and you Stakes headed made the the fast Seabreeze, a very fast and the Estafette his girths of the Eclipse approached Duke of blue jacket a the winning. After a mile from the post now run was equal on Seabreeze. Chilling the man both Birds Her winning the St. Leger those of and Hann Seabreeze like the S. plenty of the process he failed. Chilling previous owner to horses the stakes, who To make during the can scarce prevent him over Seabreeze pathizers, have been instead of

The easy victory of Ossory for the Great Yorkshire Stakes over Arrandale at even weights, and Caerlaverock at a disadvantage of 4 lbs., had the effect of extinguishing the faint hopes which had been entertained that one or other of the two last-named colts might win the St. Leger. The position of Orbit rather than that of Ossory was strengthened in the St. Leger betting by this race, as it was confidently maintained that the former was the better colt at home. On the other hand, there were people who held the contrary opinion as to their relative merits on a race-course. Critics were not wanting who found fault with both of them. They said that Ossory was light in the thigh, "shelly," straight-pasterned, and "noisy," while Orbit was the worst-looking of the pair.

After his unexpected victory for the St. George's Stakes at Liverpool, Sir Robert Jardine's Stronvar, a bay colt by Fitz-James, was looked upon with respect, yet his form with Aperse at Stockton did not appear to make him a better horse than Caerlaverock. The Breeders' St. Leger Stakes at Derby, on the Wednesday before Doncaster, put Lord Bradford's Merry Andrew out of court, as he only ran sixth to Rada, Caerlaverock, and Arrandale, after starting second favourite, and he immediately went down from 25 to 1 to 100 to 1 in the St. Leger betting. On Monday morning he had stood at 16 to 1, so his fall was exceedingly precipitous. Lord Bradford's other representative, Chillington, a bay colt by Chippendale out of Duverney, had only won one race out of five this season, and he was handicapped for the Cambridgeshire 19 lbs. below Orbit.

Although Ayrshire remained a steady favourite throughout the greater part of the summer, the horse-watchers reported that he was not undergoing a strong preparation for the St. Leger, and that he was exercised in bandages and some sort of covering for the knees. A week or two before the race there were rumours that, when pulled up after a gallop, he went "a little feeling" on one of his forelegs, and on Saturday last it was said at Sandown that he was lame. In consequence of this story, Seabreeze became for a time first favourite for the St. Leger; but in London news was received that Ayrshire had had "a striding gallop" and he was again established at the head of the betting lists in the papers. The very evening before the race 2,000/- to 1,000/- was taken about him in a single bet, and he started a firm favourite. Sixteen horses—a field above the average for the St. Leger—went to the post on a fine afternoon, and, after Chillington had caused a slight delay, they got away, Ayrshire and Ossory taking the lead. Before they had gone a quarter of a mile Ayrshire was steamed, and young Tom Cannon repeated the tactics followed in the Eclipse Stakes of making strong running with Ossory for Orbit. Estafette headed Ossory for a few strides; but Ossory soon shook her off, and made the pace to such purpose that the race is said to have been the fastest St. Leger that has ever been timed. Ayrshire, Seabreeze, Chillington, Orbit, Stronvar, and Belle Mahone were in a very forward position as the field came between the Rife Butts and the Red House, and when they turned into the straight Estafette was beaten, Ossory being left in front with Orbit at his girths. It now looked as if the race would be a repetition of the Eclipse Stakes, especially when Orbit collared Ossory on approaching the half-mile post. Soon afterwards, however, the Duke of Westminster's two yellow jackets were passed by the blue jacket and white cap of Lord Calthorpe and the white jacket and black sleeves and cap of the Duke of Portland, and the winners of the Oaks and the Derby came sailing to the front. After passing the last bend—that is to say, about a quarter of a mile from home, F. Barrett roused Ayrshire; but, instead of responding to the call of his jockey, the colt collapsed. He had now run the Derby distance, and this appeared to be all that he was equal to. In the meantime Robinson was riding at his ease on Seabreeze, who won by three lengths, and then came Chillington, with Zanzibar only a head behind him.

Seabreeze, by Isonomy out of St. Marguerite by Hermit, is bred in the manner most approved of at present, having triple strains of both Birdcatcher and Touchstone blood, with one of Blacklock. Her winnings in stakes amount to 13,622^l. When Apology won the St. Leger her winnings were much the same; so also were those of Dutch Oven; but Achievement, Formosa, Jammette and Hannah exceeded them by some thousands. The victory of Seabreeze says much for a strong preparation for a long course like the St. Leger. It was well known that the filly had done plenty of hard work, and she had evidently laid on muscle under the process. As to Ayrshire there is little to be said, except that he failed ignominiously at the critical moment.

Chillington's second was a remarkable improvement upon his previous form. It can hardly have been a consolation to his owner to think that in obtaining this very minor honour, he beat horses that had won between forty and fifty thousand pounds in stakes, while his own earnings did not amount to more than 557^l. To make matters worse, it appears that he met with an injury during the race. The owner of the third in the St. Leger, again, can scarcely have failed to reflect how different the result might have been if the persistent wet weather, which has made this summer so miserable, had not provokingly ceased just in time to prevent his game little filly from repeating her Goodwood victory over Seabreeze; but in this regret he probably had few sympathizers, for we should think that nearly everybody present must have been glad that the St. Leger was run in fine weather, instead of in mud and rain.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

WHEN London is empty and the musical season is overpast Covent Garden Theatre fills, as it seldom fills in the height of opera or pantomime, when the available space does not include the stage and the whole floor of the house. The popularity of promenade concerts, unlike that of certain other public entertainments, is as readily explained as it is satisfactory to advocates of wholesome recreation. Good music and plenty of it must needs prove attractive, and no visitor to Mr. Freeman Thomas's concerts can fail to be struck by the large preponderance of music-loving people in the vast audience. It is on Wednesdays, when the music of the classes prevails, when one-half of the programme is devoted to the works of the masters, that every part of the theatre is crowded with genuine concert-goers. There is, indeed, no perceptible difference in this respect between the "classical" evenings and the popular, unless it be the curious spectacle presented when the Wednesday symphony comes on for hearing, and a considerable portion of promenaders suddenly vanishes from the scene to re-appear when the superfluous classic has come to an end. The proceeding is not without a show of good taste, for it is conducted with celerity and silence. In many ways there is cause for congratulation in connexion with both the concerts and the audience. The programmes are decidedly better in selection and more skilfully varied than in past seasons. Mr. Gwyllim Crowe's orchestra is efficient in all departments, and its efficiency is not permitted to remain a matter of faith, as has been not unreasonably affirmed in past seasons, for it has at times to render works worthy of the distinguished executants associated with Mr. Carrodus. In the rather grandiose operatic selections that are always a popular feature of the Covent Garden concerts the band of the Coldstream Guards proves to be an excellent auxiliary to the orchestra, notably in fantasias on the works of Meyerbeer and Wagner, and is generally, it must be admitted, employed with judgment.

With regard to vocalists and solo instrumentalists, Mr. Freeman Thomas is both enterprising and fortunate. Last year Her Majesty's was open, under the direction of Signor Ardit, with a company of artists that included Mlle. Nikita. This season Mr. Thomas has an unrestricted field, and the absence of competition has not worked ill for the public, as sometimes happens. The appearances of Mr. Sims Reeves are now unhappily so rare that it is not surprising they should have lost nothing of the old attractiveness. Those who were fortunate enough to hear Mr. Reeves on Wednesday last may well wonder that such opportunities are not more frequent. That ever-green ballad, "The Pilgrim of Love," and Mendelssohn's hunting song, "While merrily once riding," were given by the famous tenor with inimitable art and all the familiar and entirely personal charm of expression. In Mozart's "Mia speranza adorata" Miss Alice Whitacre's execution was fairly fluent, if not brilliant, though her singing, on the whole, lacked the fervour of tone this beautiful air demands. A distinctly promising first appearance must be noted in Miss Madge Wickham's performance of Spohr's violin concerto (Op. 47, No. 8). The orchestral numbers comprised an excellent rendering of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture, Mendelssohn's No. 4 symphony, the "Italian," Weber's *Concertstück* in F minor (Op. 79), with Herr Arthur Friedheim at the piano, Schubert's "Ave Maria," arranged by F. Lux, selections from *Don Giovanni* and Lecocq's *Pepita*, and the overture to *Semiramide*. These examples call for little comment, with the exception of the singular distortion of Schubert's exquisite music, for which F. Lux is responsible. This "arrangement" for orchestra is a lugubrious and wholly disenchanted instance of blundering zeal, which, it is devoutly to be wished, will not be repeated.

ARQUES SUR MER.

A BATHING-PLACE on the other side of the Channel where the ladies do not go into the sea with jewelled arms and satin bathing-dresses, as at Trouville and Etretat, at first sight appears tame; but, besides having the best air in France and a perfectly univalled beach, Arques has the merit of being almost purely French. Fashion refuses to visit it, Americans are almost unknown, the English have as yet only effected a partial lodgment; but French people with families large enough to cast grave doubts on the statement that no French marriage is blessed with more than two children abound. Of what class these people are it is, however, no easy matter for a foreigner to determine, for nearly every one in France is, to say the least, superficially polite and well-mannered, and the more or less trustworthy evidence to be obtained by clothes is here wanting, owing to every one being dressed alike. If we endeavour to satisfy our curiosity by making a veiled inquiry of any countrywoman of their own we may be talking to, she casts down her eyes and says, "Ah, madame, nous avons eu une révolution, vous savez," so we see that we were right, and that our companions for the moment are of a highly-mixed class. It is amusing enough to watch their ways. They certainly work with a great deal of energy at "taking the benefit of the air." From morning till evening they are on the beach, for which the men qualify themselves by wearing garments of flannel or madder-brown linen and *bérets*, and the women by adopting the *costume Arquoise*, which is not that of the fisher-

women, though something rather like it. It is soon done; a nine-franc woollen petticoat, scarlet or striped, so short that it is sometimes half a yard off the ground, a black, tightly-fitting bodice with a sailor's collar of the same material and colour as the petticoat; a woollen *beret*, white, dark blue, or scarlet; a long, flowing, picturesque, red, brown, or dark blue woollen cloak which may be bought for twenty-two francs, and a rough pair of sand shoes, complete the equipment. They wear no stockings and very little underclothing, and exhibit startling fearlessness about showing their legs, even when they are not very showable. "On est sans gêne à Arques" is an assertion which meets the ear at every turn, and we never see any reason to dispute it. So attired, the ladies look more like supers at a third-rate London theatre than anything else; but they are decidedly comfortable. They practically live on the beach. "C'est une plage de famille," they say, and that too is true. It is, however, by no means easy to reach it. We ourselves "wept like anything to see such quantities of sand" when we first came. It is everywhere at Arques. It overwhelms the roads, invades the houses, covers the tables, lies about the floors in long curling wreaths, and makes you feel as if you were never quite off the beach. When the visitors in the hotel beguile the time by dancing, it sounds as if a troop of active servants were scrubbing the floor with sandpaper, and when they go to see the church they find it is dedicated to Notre Dame des Sables.

Frenchwomen—at Arques—seem to be more self-indulgent than women of the same class in England. An Englishwoman would take the slight fatigue of getting over the loose sand to the beach as part of the day's work, and never dream of hiring a donkey or carriage to save a rough walk of a few minutes, though it may only cost her a trifle. Once there, too, our Frenchwoman never thinks of taking a brisk walk, but establishes herself for the day in a lounging chair in the shadow of a bathing-machine, returning to the hotel only for meals. Her young barbarians are at play by her side, but under the care of their *bonne*, who is a much more devoted creature than our English nurse. Madame has a table, and writes her little ill-spelt letters, and does her little ugly fancy-work, receives dallying visits from her husband and his friends and a large circle of her own, who sit and talk and laugh and gesticulate and make a din which is surprising to us and most exhilarating to themselves. They eat pretty steadily too, eking out the bountiful repasts of which they have recently partaken by purchasing chocolate and rolls, *sucré d'orge*, *brioches*, *croissants*, and *babas*. They make appointments with one of the cows which are being driven about the sands to be milked at thirsty persons' pleasure; they are even able to partake of the milk of the goats which have come all the way from the Pyrenees for the same purpose; they suck raw eggs in the most unappetizing manner; and so the day wears on. They eat, talk, and ply the needle; but never by any chance do they open a book.

Bathing, like all else—drainage included—is conducted with the most open-hearted and confiding frankness. There are machines and there are tents, but, "voyez-vous, ils sont chers." So the bathers put on their bathing-dresses in their own hotels or *chalets*, cover them with a flowing mantle made of bath-towelling, and walk, even through the town, down to the shore—the men looking like Arab sheiks, and the women like the wind-swept souls in another place. Why should they not be independent? "On est sans gêne à Arques" too; but why do not the ladies dispense with stays in the water? That is the one bit of stiffness which they cannot bring themselves to cast aside, and they actually buy those articles of clothing expressly constructed to bear being wetted, and thus panoply affront the deep. They cover their bathing-dresses with cloaks, but drop them, and hover a long time on the brink, if the sea can be said to have a brink, chatting with friends of either sex; but they scarcely ever go far from the shore. We heard an English child of three and a-half entreating to be taken far enough into the sea to get out of the soap at the edge; but most of the French women and children contentedly paddle about in the shallow foam-streaked water which the English child disliked. A gentle tolerance is accorded to the English when they invade this French sanatorium; now and then, when we enter some public place, we hear from one of the commoner people, a low but contemptuous "Ah, rosif," which informs us that our despicable origin is no secret; but that is all. They never seem to credit us with any particular knowledge of their language; and if we mutely hesitate to avail ourselves of any little advantage, such as a seat in an omnibus, or anything else, because we think we are depriving another person of it, some one is apt to exclaim, "Sont-elles drôles!"

Little French children show a great desire to fraternize with English ones, and many a hot tear is shed at parting by those who have never been able to open their hearts to each other in speech. For days we have amused ourselves by watching one of these inarticulate friendships. The French child is slightly older, and perhaps feels that she is doing the honours of the first country in the world to little four-year-old Lucy. They walk hand in hand, and there is a great deal of not easily executed lifting up and kissing. Lucy takes kindly to the *sucré d'orge*, does not refuse a *brioche*, but, being a child whose mind has as yet not been enriched by rural sights, turned away last time we saw the friends together, from the cow which was being milked for Gabrielle, affirming with much disgust that hitherto she had not been aware "milk was pulled out of a cow in that way."

"Buvez, Lucie, buvez," said Gabrielle, offering the glass first to her. Lucy could not bring herself to do it. "Mais buvez donc," persisted the other. Finally, Lucy's nurse intervened, and Lucy consented to drink some of the milk, provided the froth at the top of it was taken away. The froth having been removed, Lucy drank, and all was well.

No wonder people sit on the beach, for the noise at most of the hotels at certain hours is appalling. Our own (an extremely comfortable one, by the way) is long and rather low, with a balcony very little above the level of the street. Even as we write we have the cheering and inspiring accompaniment of the cries of troops of donkey-boys and women and the drivers of the *voitures de place*. The *voitures de place* of Arques are neither more nor less than two-wheeled market-carts, in which people cheerfully resign themselves to taking their drives abroad. The moment one of these is wanted, every man, woman, and child driver rushes up vociferating, entreating you to take his cart and no other, clawing and clutching the would-be hirer, until madness is imminent. Every one on the balcony has the enjoyment of this noise. Nor is this all. There are some of the barelegged visitors talking at the top of their voices; there is the box-like omnibus drawn up close by the balcony, and the driver engaged in conversation with the inn-servants, who are waiting to put on the luggage. Luggage is always lifted on to the omnibus from the balcony. There are the visitors who are about to depart expressing their regret, and those who are going to remain running about trying to persuade the *gérant* to let them have the vacated rooms if better than their own. Just below, too, in the street is the old man with the dancing dogs, singing in a pathetic old cracked voice something about *La belle Hélène* erring on the plain, and the other man with the accordion; and five minutes ago a man was piping to a vicious-looking young bear, and beggars with mouths full of chocolate are supplicating for a *petite charité*, and blue-bloused men petitioning you to do this or that, with hard-set eyes which seem to say that it must be either your money or your life; while from the open-windowed *salon* proceeds the sound of English children practising snatches of wildly passionate scales, or making dashing excursions into what Victor Hugo calls the melancholy air of "Bonnie Dundee."

At Arques, in the height of the season, the children are maddening. They pervade the whole place just as the sand does. We can do nothing but try to discover some of the reasons why French children are so different from our own. Judging from what we see here, the French are infinitely more spoilt. Their *bonne* lets them do exactly what they like; their fathers and mothers generally do the same; their tempers are uncontrolled, and when angry they are apt to look like little tigers. English children are by no means perfect, but they are under some restraint, and, heaven be praised for it, are sent off to bed by eight o'clock after a simple meal; whereas no French child, except a baby in arms, appears to be too young to come down to the table-d'hôte dinner, where at the tenderest age it works its way diligently through the *menu*, eats of every dish, drinks wine or beer, or sometimes both together, puts its feet on the table between courses, will be attended to, and is attended to. We have seen a child of twenty months cry because his wine had more water in it than his mother's—insist on having her glass, drink its stronger contents and not appear the worse for it.

SHE.

IT is a common failing with adaptors of novels to the stage to forget that what a reader may be made to believe a spectator might entirely distrust; the fact being that the methods and materials at the disposal of the romancer offer a larger and freer scope for illusion than is available to the playwright. To bring an audience into complete accord under such conditions is not easy even where the incredible is familiarly represented in human action. But this is much more strikingly the case in dealing with the supernatural. To compress into three hours of apparent reality the cumulative effects of a thousand pages of the unreal, however carefully contrived, eloquent, or picturesque, demands an art which, it must be said at once, Mr. Haggard's adaptors, in their version of *She* as produced at the Gaiety, have not displayed. The scheme of construction in this daring enterprise is not such as to free us from misgivings as to the truth of the story; the dialogue is not fitted for a drama; the action is not unconstrained or direct. The adaptors have reproduced the story, but, in doing so, have they transfused the idea and the spirit; have they in marshalling the characters employed that constructive art which the author has so powerfully displayed in the original? Striking in many points as the performance at the Gaiety is, the version is as little stirring as a whole, compared with Mr. Rider Haggard's book, as the dramatic representation of *Autour du Monde dans Quatre-vingt Jours* was in comparison with the story of Jules Verne. The prologue, which represents the slaying of Kallikrates by "She," and records the curses heaped upon her by his raving widow, Amenartas, does not rise above the level of a tableau, and, instead of aiding realism, tends to destroy it. For by this early introduction of the central figure, "She," the very essence of Mr. Rider Haggard's story—which is breathless expectation—

has been ruthlessly thrown away; and the audience, who are expected to believe in her immortality, and should be made curious to see this strange witch in all her resplendent beauty and in the zest of life after two thousand years of passionate waiting for her dead lover, are gratified by a sight of her at the rise of the curtain, and before the first day of the twenty centuries which are to follow has closed in. In this way the one great game of "make-believe" is lost at the very outset; and the succeeding scenes—the examination of the documents and establishment of a link between Kallikrates and Leo Vincey; the adventurous passage to Africa; the arrival among the Amahagger and the betrothal of Leo and Ustane; the conflict between "She" and her rival, Ustane, terminating in the destruction of the latter; and the final catastrophe, the failure of the spell in the Fire of Life—all these are deprived of any further interest than such as they in themselves excite. It must, indeed, have been the loss which this anti-climax, the prologue, entailed which led the adaptors, unconsciously, no doubt, to fill the hiatus by giving prominence to a comic servant, Job Round, and bringing the ridiculous and sublime into contact throughout the play, where earnestness itself is scarcely equal to sustaining it. This character, performed by a conscientious actor devoid of humour, thus makes discord where delicate harmony is most needed—a mistake greatly aggravated by the introduction of commonplaces, and of even slang, in situations wherein the slightest divergence from the serious gives a jar. We should be sorry to imply by these remarks that this dramatized version of *She* is a failure, or altogether lacking in illusion. Indeed, wonders have been achieved in the way of presenting some of the most difficult scenes. The sudden apparition of "She" among her people in conflict with the white strangers is very fine; but had this been the first revelation of her presence to the audience, the effect would have been far finer. The wonder is that the adaptors did not see this. The scene in which "She" recognizes in Leo Vincey her lover Kallikrates, whose coming she had patiently awaited through cycles of time, and the one in which, maddened by jealousy of her rival, she denounces Ustane, are not wanting in power. Miss Sophie Eyre, the representative of "She," has evidently thought out the difficulties of her part, and deserves credit as much for her self-restraint as for her well-chosen delirious outbursts. She presents an imposing figure; her manners and gestures are more than picturesque, and well express the hysterical weariness and yearning of unrequited passion, waiting and burning for countless years. In the situation in which "She" at last recognizes in Leo Vincey the lover for whom she has yearned so long, Miss Sophie Eyre infuses into the greeting a wonderful ecstasy, and her witcheries and wiles in the attempt to win his love are admirably conveyed. The Ustane of Miss Mary Rorke is pathetic, and her treatment of the love-passages with Leo Vincey natural and most touching. Mr. Julian Cross, too, succeeds in presenting a manly picture of Horace Holly, though he might bear in mind that gentlemen do not place their hands on their servants' mouths to enjoin silence. The Leo Vincey of Mr. Edward Maurice is disappointing. He is prosaic, unattractive, a little vulgar, and never fully approaches the dazed wonderment which the later situations demand. The scenic effects, considering the limited capabilities of the Gaiety stage, are excellent, but in the ballet of the Amahagger there is room for improvement.

THE CLIMACTERIC. A FABLE.

WHEN do the reasoning powers decline?
The ancients said at forty-nine.
Twas Aristotle thus decreed:
So much premised, we now proceed.

In that thrice-favoured Northern land,
Where most the flowers of thought expand,
And all things nebulous grow clear,
Through spectacles and Lager-beer,
There lived, at Dumpselsheim the Lesser,
A certain High-Dutch Herr Professor.
Than Grotius more alert and quick,
More logical than Burghersdyck,
His lectures both so much transcended,
That everywhere his fame extended.
But chief he taught, by day and night,
The doctrine of the Stagyrite,
Proving it fixed beyond dispute,
In ways that none could well refute;
For if by chance 'twas urged that men
O'er-stepped the limit now and then,
He'd show unanswerable still
Either that all they did was "nil,"
Or else 'twas marked by indication
Of grievous mental degradation:
Nay—he could even trace, they say,
That degradation to a day.

The years rolled on, and as they flew,
More famed the Herr Professor grew,
His "*Locus* of the Pineal Gland"
(A masterpiece he long had planned)

Had reached the end of Book Eleven,
And he was nearing forty-seven.
Admirers had not long to wait;
The last Book came at forty-eight,
And should have been the heart and soul—
The crown and summit—of the whole.
But now the oddest thing ensued;
'Twas so insufferably crude,
So feeble and so poor, 'twas plain
The writer's mind was on the wane.
Nothing could possibly be said;
E'en Friendship's self must hang the head,
While jealous rivals, scarce so civil,
Described it openly as "drivel."
Never was such collapse. In brief,
The poor Professor died of grief.

With fitting mortuary rhyme
They buried him at Dumpselsheim,
And as they sorrowing set about
A "Short Memoir," the truth came out.
He had been older than he knew.
The parish clerk had put a "2"
In place of "nought," and made his date
Of birth a brace of years too late.
When he had written Book the Last,
His true climacteric had past!

MORAL.—To estimate your worth,
Be certain as to date of birth.

REVIEWS.

JAMES'S NAVAL HISTORY EPITOMIZED.*

EPITOMES, when they are only the cut-down and rehandled version of another man's work, are almost certain to be bad. Mr. O'Byrne has not escaped the common lot in what he calls "James's Naval History Epitomized." The effort was not a commendable one, to begin with, and, such as it was, it has been very ill done, to use plain language. James would have stood a certain amount of compression, no doubt; and, although he is a standard author, he is hardly one of those whom it is sacrilege to touch. His book does not rank as literature with Napier's *Peninsular War*; indeed, it is only by a stretch of courtesy, and out of respect to the subject and honest industry of the author, that it can be called literature at all. The style is pedestrian, and there is not a flash in the book from first to last. If anybody had taken the trouble to go through the six volumes, to cut out the endless tiresome disputation with Brenton, and condense some of the narratives of minor operations, we do not say we should care to possess the results of his industry; but at least he might have produced a handy book of reference, something like Allen's *Battles of the British Navy* on a smaller scale. A sound taste would prefer James as he was, with all his faults; but apparently this generation is frightened at the sight of six volumes. A condensed version of him might possibly find acceptance. But Mr. O'Byrne has not gone to work in this fashion. In the first place, he has picked and chosen what actions he cared to repeat. He has taken only those "for which a medal has been struck or a clasp issued." In other words, he has selected some of the victories and suppressed the failures. There were not many of these last in the great war, but among them were some of the most striking events of the long struggle. To take one instance only, the disastrous attack on the French at Grand Port was as wonderful a piece of fighting as many of the victories. It is needless to add that the failures—notably the actions with the disguised American line-of-battle ships—were not the least interesting incidents of the war to those who like to look at the causes of success or defeat. By keeping to one class of actions only—even though they were the most numerous—Mr. O'Byrne has given a false general picture of "the most exciting epoch," as he calls it, of the history of the British navy. This of itself would deprive his epitome of almost all the value it might have possessed—but Mr. O'Byrne has done what he elected to do in so slovenly a manner that even within his self-imposed limits his book is of no value. His very title-page contains an example of astounding carelessness. "Duncan" and "Camperdown" appear, with several names between them, among the heroes in whose days the exploits here recorded were performed. A reader who came with a blank mind to Mr. O'Byrne would conclude, of course, that Duncan and Camperdown were several and individual heroes. If he knew something of the subject he would be aware that Adam Duncan was made Lord Camperdown for his victory over the Dutch; but of what use is an epitome which you have to correct by your own knowledge at every step? Similar instances of carelessness occur all through the book. As an ounce of example is better than a

* *James's Naval History: a Narrative of the Naval Battles, Single-Ship Actions, Notable Sieges, and Dashing Cutting-out Expeditions fought in the days of Howe, Hood, Duncan, St. Vincent, Bridport, Nelson, Camperdown, Exmouth, Duckworth, and Sir Sydney Smith.* Epitomized in one volume by Robert O'Byrne, F.R.G.S. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1888.

bushel of assertion, we will quote an instance of injudicious scissors work which by no means stands alone in this volume. It occurs in the account of the action between the *Victorious* 74 and the *Weasel* 18-gun brig against the *Rivoli* 74 and French brigs:—

The *Victorious* had her rigging cut to pieces, gaff and spanker boom shot away, her three topmasts and mainmast badly wounded, her boats all destroyed, except a small punt belonging to the ward-room officers, and her hull struck in several places. Out of her actual crew of 506 men and boys (60 of the former sick, but only a few absent from their quarters), she had one lieutenant of marines and 25 seamen and marines killed, her captain (slightly), one lieutenant of marines (mortally), 2 masters' mates, 2 midshipmen, and 93 seamen and marines wounded; total, 27 killed and 99 wounded. She had the good fortune not to have a man hurt, either in her forty minutes' engagement with the *Mercure*, which she blew up on (*sic*) her very spirited, and in all probability not ineffective cannonade of the *Rivoli*. Out of her 810 men and boys in crew and supernumeraries, the *Rivoli* lost 400 men in killed and wounded, including her second captain and the greater part of her officers.

Here is a remarkable statement. How did "she" contrive to have nobody hurt, and to lose 126 in killed and wounded; also, how could her cannonade be described as "in all probability not ineffective" when it killed and wounded 400 enemies out of a total of 810? The puzzled reader who turns back to the narrative will find the mystery explained. "She" was the *Weasel* brig which fought with, and blew up, the *Mercure* before coming in at the end of the action with the *Rivoli*. James names her, but Mr. O'Byrne's scissors, directed with very little care, we are afraid, have snipped her out, and made nonsense of the narrative by inserting a pronoun which grammatically refers to the *Victorious*. Now, of what use, we ask again, is an epitome which is unintelligible without constant reference to the work epitomized?

This book must unfortunately be added to the long list of inadequate attempts to deal with a great subject. The British Navy has not been treated well by literature. Naval officers have seldom written good books, and landsmen do not understand the subject or have been frightened by the difficulty of mastering its technicalities. Consequently it is the sad truth that the Lives of British admirals (Southey's Nelson being excepted, of course) are rather dull reading, and naval histories are for the most part dreary compilations. Sir Harris Nicolas left an admirable fragment, but he stops at Henry VII. James was thoroughly honest, intelligent, and laborious; but he wanted the sacred fire—the power of imparting life, the sense of style. He seldom rises above the level of a sound report. Yet the subject has interest and importance enough to spare. The section of our naval history which Mr. O'Byrne has gone over in so strange a way might well be taken by itself, and ought not to be very difficult to do. The authorities are not unmanageably numerous or difficult to find. We can conceive of a Naval History of the Great War not much, if at all, larger than Mr. O'Byrne's volume which would be equally readable and useful. The subject almost divides itself. First there is the period of the coalition against France, when we had Europe with us. These were the comparatively easy years of the First of June, the occupation of Toulon and Corsica. In them the admirals were the veterans of the American war, and the work of discipline and organization was completed. Then the French armies turned Europe against us; and for a long spell we had to fight for our lives against an enemy who threatened invasion from abroad and the Jacobin-Irish foe at home. This was the time of the great victories—of Camperdown, St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. In these years the leaders were first St. Vincent and then Nelson—the man who first saw and the man who first thoroughly showed all that the superiority of the English fleet in gunnery and seamanship allowed it to dare. With Trafalgar this period came to an end, and there began the years of uncontested supremacy—in which the work of the navy was mainly auxiliary. It was engaged in protecting convoys, keeping the road open for the army, and capturing one after another the colonial harbours of France and Holland. The men of this period were the pupils of St. Vincent and Nelson—the frigate captains of the stamp of Sir William Hoste and Lord Dundonald. In this last period long success had produced over-confidence or carelessness, and we had to undergo checks here and there—in the Indian Ocean or on the coast of America—which were needed to remind us that our supremacy must be maintained by the arts which had gained it. By attending to these differences a writer with some sense of the value of divisions could make the general movement of the war clear. In a mere series of unconnected narratives of actions it is lost, and the reader cannot see the wood because of the trees. The historian we conceive of, and hope to live to read one of these days, would indicate soberly, but sufficiently, what was the share of the navy in the general struggle. He would not forget, or allow his readers to forget, what were the cruises, blockades, and disposition of the fleets, or that every frigate action, every cutting out, had its share in forwarding the great end. In short, his history would be a coherent narrative, and not a mere heap of incidents, as "naval histories" are too apt to be. Withal, too, our historian would endeavour to realize for his readers the life of the sea. Private letters, stories, and court-martials, read with some imaginative insight, would supply him with material. Finally, he would never forget that it was his business to make things clear—to avoid as much as possible mere technical details intelligible to the seaman or student only, or to expound them when they had to be given. What instruction is it to the landsman to be told that two frigates were held fast, "the *Cleopâtre's* larboard main topmast

studding-sail boom-iron having hooked the larboard leech-rope of the *Nymph's* main-top-sail"? There should be a glossary of terms (James has a very good one), and they should be used with discretion, since the general movements of ships or fleets can be made quite clear without this lavish use of details. Here fulfilling our critical function, we have shown that there is a book to write, and how it should be written. All that is wanted now is, that the historian should appear, and do the book. If some of those naval gentlemen who spend so much time contributing to the *Times* would only use the pens they love so much to handle on the history of their own profession, how soon might we have, if not the book, at least an attempt towards the doing of it! But we do not with any confidence hope for the conversion of the naval letter-writer.

NOVELS.*

MR. MINTO takes us back to the reign of Richard II., when, as he reminds us, "the times were dark and were growing darker, clouds gathering and lowering on every hand, and, worse than that, ominous tremors beginning to make themselves felt in the very floor and foundation of society itself." The discontent of the Commons at the growing burdens of taxation, and especially of the poll-tax, which culminated in the insurrection of Wat Tyler, the spread of Lollardism, the exactions of the barons, the position of the boy-king surrounded by scheming councillors, out of such historical materials has Mr. Minto formed a spirited setting for a sympathetically-told tale of true love, running none too smoothly and ending sadly, but pleasant reading to all but those who insist that every book shall end with marriage and general happiness. The hero is, as becomes his position in a mediæval romance, a very *preux chevalier*, bearing himself with equal gallantry in defending his ladylove against her bridegroom the villainous Sir Richard Rainham, in advocating the doctrines of Wycliffe, and in his self-imposed diplomatic mission of mediating between the oppressed Commons and the King. In the wicked Baron we trace no remote resemblance to Sir Reginald Front de Bœuf; he seizes the lovers and immures them in a loathsome dungeon of the most approved regulation pattern of the times, from which they are rescued by a band of half-armed peasants under the leadership of Wat Tyler, who attack and carry the castle in much the same style as the stronghold of Torquilstone was taken in an earlier reign. The descriptions of these deeds of arms, of the meetings of the rebellious peasantry to discuss their grievances, and in particular the whole account of the rising under Wat Tyler, the march of the insurgents on London, the reign of terror and excess which followed, and the final scene at Smithfield, where more than one of our author's characters, fictitious as well as historical, meets his death, are given with great spirit and verisimilitude; indeed, these passages, together with the clear and concise analysis of the political and social situation, render the book well worth reading, even apart from any interest in the fortunes of the hero and heroine. Two complaints only we must make; one, that the character of Wat Tyler, which is capable of very picturesque treatment, is not made of greater importance; for Mr. Minto, though he does not entirely omit him from his *dramatis personæ*, gives us that mere taste of him which but provokes a desire for more; the other, that the dialogue, both in diction and tone, is throughout distinctively modern. The affectation of an archaic form of speech is a difficult matter. But, if it is a fault to weary readers with too frequent use of "By my halidame," "in good sooth," and the like, it is at least as bad to put into the mouths of Englishmen of the fourteenth century such phrases as "You pop out of the earth," "stand on trifling technicalities," or "you speak these commonplaces of legal rhetoric."

Mr. G. Manville Fenn introduces his reader to somewhat queer company in *The Man with a Shadow*. His hero is a young medical man, who has conceived the theory that, "in case of accident, or after operation, no man of health or vigour should be allowed to die." Such a death he holds to be merely a species of trance, in which the patient remains "while Nature busily recommences her work of restoration, the building up again of the injured tissues." He endeavours to reduce his theory to practice in the case of the squire of his village, a coarse, drunken, foul-mouthed baronet, whose neck has been broken by a fall downstairs in a scuffle with his younger brother—who is, by the way, in every respect as great a blackguard as himself. The doctor works at his experiments on the corpse in the family mausoleum attached to the parish church, in company with a ghoul-like old sexton, whose maudlinings about his age and complaints become, from "damnable iteration," not a little wearisome. In the vestry of the church the squire's younger brother aforesaid, now himself squire and baronet, has midnight assignations with the curate's

* *The Mediation of Ralph Hardelot.* By William Minto, Author of "The Crack of Doom," 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

The Man with a Shadow. By G. Manville Fenn, Author of "One Maid's Mischief," "The Master of the Ceremonies," "Double Cunning," &c. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1888.

The Last Hurdle: a Story of Sporting and Courting. By Frank Hudson. 1 vol. London: Ward & Downey. 1888.

The Duchess. A Story. By the Author of "Molly Bawn," &c. 1 vol. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1888.

sister, who climbs from her bedroom window, *vid* the roof of a summer-house, to keep this unholy tryst. The sexton's granddaughter, who is also parlour-maid at the parsonage, "in love with the squire," and a sturdy villager "in love with the parlour-maid," complete the goodly company who hang about the village church in the midnight hours; the maid, we may add, getting in and out of the curate's house in much the same burglarious fashion as her young mistress. The doctor surprises the lovers in the vestry, where he finds the lady, with whom he is, or at any rate believes himself to be, desperately in love, reclining on the squire's knees while that worthy smokes a cigar. A fierce fight ensues with heavy damage on both sides—indeed, fisticuffs are freely indulged in by most of the characters in this delectable tale, the curate on at least one occasion bearing his share with a very tolerable grace. Overwrought mentally by his ghastly experiments (which have failed to arrest the decay of nature in his subject) and physically by his struggle with the squire, the doctor succumbs to the double strain; a terrible change comes over him, his language and behaviour become at times coarse and violent, he takes to brandy, shuts himself up in darkened rooms, and generally encourages very reasonable doubts as to his sanity. He believed that "failing to arrest the decay of Luke Candish, he had imbibed the essence of the man, which, needing a fleshy body in which to live, had possessed him, so that his fate seemed to be that he must ever more live a double life, in which there was one soul under the control of his well-schooled brain; the other, wild, independent, and for whose words and actions he must respond." With this situation of a "dual existence" in the same individual, readers have of late been familiarized elsewhere, and it requires a more novel and satisfactory treatment than Mr. Manville Fenn's to warrant its reintroduction, though the story is told with plenty of spirit, the situations are briskly and vividly described, and the dialogue is for the most part easy and appropriate to the mouths in which it is placed. Moreover, the coarseness inherent in such a tale and such a set of characters leaves an unpleasant flavour, and we could wish that so much cleverness as the book undoubtedly contains had been better directed.

The Last Hurdle is a very good specimen of its class—the sporting novel—short, bright, cheery, and entertaining—the sort of book in the manufacture of which Captain Hawley Smart stands *facile princeps*. Mr. Frank Hudson, an author whose name is new to us, writes with all the go and animal spirits which such work requires; the development of character being of less importance than a rapid succession of exciting episodes. The reader is hurried to Ireland, and there introduced to sporting characters, male and female, gentle and simple. There are two race meetings, the right horse winning, and the villain, a wicked nobleman of a very conventional type, being duly foiled on both occasions; and there is fishing and hunting, for in our author's part of Ireland, which he does not more particularly specify, all kinds of sport appear to flourish unchecked by the animus of politics. Then the heroine is attacked by hired ruffians (not members of the true Irish peasantry of course, but importations from the slums of Dublin), and her lover ducked in the river; while the wicked nobleman, who has stage-managed the affair, poses as their rescuer. The lover has a brain fever; the wicked nobleman is at his old tricks again, and imports Dublin desperadoes to shoot the racehorse which is his most dangerous rival for some great hurdle-race. There is a pathetic incident of a poacher and his sweetheart, and plenty of happy love-making. All this and more being described with a spirit and verve that carry the reader along with them, what matter if the thought occasionally arise that one has read something like it all before, that the characters are old friends (Briney Fag especially is Davie Gellatley served up with Irish sauce), and that one race is on paper very like another? This is not the spirit in which one should read or criticize such a book as *The Last Hurdle*, which may be confidently recommended to all to whom "sporting and courting" are dear, and should, therefore, not lack readers.

Were all stories as pleasant as *The Duchess*, the reviewer's life would indeed be a happy one. The author of *Molly Bawn* has seldom provided him with better company than the heroine of this book and her father, two characters between whom we hesitate to express a preference. About the latter, an impoverished Irish gentleman of middle age, there is a trace of Colonel Newcome, and Norah, "the Duchess," as her father lovingly nicknames her, is a very nice person. Her lover is by comparison rather sketchy, and the wicked beauty, Miss Cazalet, is of a somewhat conventional type. The incidents of the tale are simple enough; as in most Irish stories (for in this book again we are in Ireland) there are troubles with tenants, and blows are struck, shots fired, and blood shed before the end is reached. However, when we do reach the end, it is a happy one, as it should be, for Norah is too pleasant a heroine to be left in evil plight.

SELECT ESSAYS OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY.*

THE usual critical exercise of looking over, in the mind or on the shelves, the collected works of an author, when a

* *Select Essays of Thomas De Quincey, Narrative and Imaginative.* 2 vols. Edited by David Masson. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

selection of those works appears, may be omitted without any loss in the case of this selection from De Quincey, by Professor Masson. We think we have the sixteen volumes fairly well in our heads, and we have them at the moment of writing quite conveniently to our hands. But we should have made very little difference, if any, given the conditions that the selections were to be narrative and imaginative, and further, that they were to be whole pieces, not extracts merely. Professor Masson has given the "Murder," the "Memorials of Grasmere," the "Revolt of the Tartars" (this, characteristic as it is, is the only one about which we doubt), the "Spanish Nun," the "English Mail Coach," and the "Suspiria de Profundis." We have no cavil (except that faint one about the Tartars, who have always bored us a little) as to the selections, and little but praise for the editing. Perhaps there is more annotation than there need be, as in the case of what we may be permitted to call a long *obiter dictum* on the subject of prose poetry and ornate prose generally. Here Mr. Masson must forgive us if we say that he does not show much comprehension of his adversaries' argument. Professor Masson need not have been puzzled by the transparent reference to the murder of Marshal *Brune*, whom De Quincey, by a slip either of his memory or his pen, has miswritten *Bessières*, and we should have liked some further trouble taken with the originals, real or invented, of the "Spanish Nun." But we make no point of any of these things, and as we have known not a few readers find the solid eight thousand pages, or thereabouts, of the collected edition a formidable undertaking, we hope Mr. Masson will carve and cater for them still further. He will have most difficulty in giving a representative and yet favourable selection of the purely critical papers. For De Quincey—scholarly as his criticism always, and original and acute as it often was—never showed himself such a chartered libertine in digression, in paradox, and in mild horseplay as there.

Partly owing to these very characteristics, he is perhaps the most remarkable example of a man of letters of considerable genius about whom the last word is never likely to be said. Appreciations of him differ very remarkably, and the appreciation even of the same person differs as remarkably at different times. It has been often and truly said that no one ever enjoys the *Essay on Murder* to perfection unless he reads it as a more or less clever boy at the age at which interest in literature begins. Its great and permanent merits, never to be denied on any just estimate of humour, then appear, its chief defects are not felt, and the qualities which are neither defects nor merits have but little influence on the judgment. In truth, the *Essay on Murder* at its best and for short periods is unsurpassable. But the fault of it is that De Quincey here as almost everywhere (we shall note exceptions presently) overdoes and over-labours his point. He was especially prone to do this when he was minded to be funny. He was a humourist of a rare kind in his way, and he was a critic of a rare kind in his way; but he never quite put the two faculties together and became a critical humourist knowing when to stop and when to change the note. It is almost sacrilege to find any fault with a piece that contains the unforgettable dinner with the final kicking-out of Toad-in-the-Hole. But we really should not be sorry if its appendices, and tricks, and frounces could be cleared off, and even if itself could be thinned down. De Quincey's besetting sin in all writing, serious and comic—the tendency, just the reverse of Joubert's, to expand a hint into a sentence and a sentence into a paragraph, and a paragraph into a page, and a page into a sort of digressive essay—was never more marked. We must add to this that his humour is sometimes in bad taste and sometimes merely schoolboyish. It is not at all that, as Mr. Masson says with perhaps intended scorn, "there are readers with tastes too delicate" for De Quincey. We could, indeed, for our own part have spared Dr. Howship and his ideas of beauty, and the immortal fight with the baker would have been none the worse for a little chastening. But, as Mr. Masson has mentioned Swift, has even quoted part of the *Modest Proposal*, and has laid it down that "in these papers of De Quincey's there are finer qualities to be found than in Swift," we must point out that there are two qualities at least in Swift finer than anything in these papers of De Quincey's. The first is, that in the Dean there is no surplus—Heaven forgive the poor wretch who should try to prune him! Even his most revolting details are there because they have got to be there. Secondly, Swift never drops into the merely schoolboy funniness of De Quincey. This comparison, however, is Mr. Masson's, not ours; we should but for him have let these mighty tubs stand each on its own bottom.

The De Quinceyan weakness for "never leaving off" appears again in the "Memorials of Grasmere." The fate of the Greens is very touching, no doubt; but we do not think it would have been less so if there had been less said of it. "The Revolt of the Tartars" is, no doubt, a triumph of imaginative amplification, but such triumph has too much of the *tour de force*. We do not know that it is quite fair to say the same of the "Spanish Nun." Mr. Masson has shown very interestingly how the paper was to all appearance spun out of and sometimes very close spun to the *Deux Mondes* original of a forgotten essayist published just before. The fire, the quaintness, the "go" of the piece in a man then far advanced in life are wonderful; and we have known not despicable judges who set this above everything of its kind in De Quincey's works. The "noble old crocodile," Catalina's papa, is not very amusing—at least, we should find him more so if there were less of him; and the little

touches of slang of which De Quincey is so liberal remind one something too much of the attempts of schoolmasters to be genial and boyish. But in few of the essays are these faults less disagreeable, and in none of them is De Quincey's faculty of what may be called imaginative appreciation—of taking a subject into his mind and converting it into a sort of literary dream of his own—more marked and more surprising. *The English Mail-Coach* is, of course, another candidate for the primacy, and there are many people who think "the glory of motion" the finest example of De Quincey's peculiar style. This, too, is a very late production, and it perhaps owes some at least of its almost bewildering variety and involution of subject to the thick-coming memories of years which had to find vent in these last astonishing deliverances of De Quincey's. Certainly no more intricate, if few more delightfully written, impeaches have ever issued from any brain. One might fancifully vary the old problem, and inquire, with this essay as text, how many different subjects could stand at once on the point of De Quincey's pen. Mr. Palmer, the dignity of Oxford undergraduates, the story of the coach and the Chinaman, the ethics of mail-coach driving, the race with the "Tally-ho," Miss Fanny of the Bath Road, Waterton, the carrying of the news of the Peninsular victories—all these things in the first part enchain and entangle themselves into a perfect genealogical tree of branches. It is barely possible (though we do not know that the idea has been suggested) that this exclusiveness arose from a conscious or unconscious imitation, first, of Lamb, and, secondly, of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. If so, De Quincey showed forgetfulness of two great differences—first, that Lamb's longest essay is a mere paragraph compared to his own usual screed; and, secondly, that the digression and diversion natural to conversation cannot reasonably be introduced into essay-writing. Much as we admire De Quincey, we are quite unable to approve this characteristic of his. The simple fact seems to be that, with all his wonderful imagination, he had not the power to conceive an organic whole. The dream-like character of his thought, original and real no doubt, stimulated by opium, and still more confirmed by his own persistent dwelling on his visions, manifests itself nowhere more than in this discursiveness—which, indeed, is never exactly or wholly wanting in some thread of consecutive connexion, but still allows that thread to zigzag and involve itself, to break and unite again, exactly in the fashion of dreams. Moreover, the way in which separate passages stand out with a kind of sudden lustre, fading off again into vagueness and dulness, has an unmistakable similarity to the phenomena of dreams. And it so happens that we have not merely these purple passages embedded in all the essays, but we have them in the most interesting collection of *Suspiria de Profundis*, separate, and as yet not worked up into larger wholes, or rather conglomerations—for wholes they are never. We have seen the great passage of *Our Ladies of Sorrow* which deals with the *Mater Tenebrarum* spoken of as "hackneyed." It is hackneyed in the same sense and to the same people as Clarence's dream or the Paolo and Francesca episode are hackneyed. Nothing can surpass it in its own kind, and no one who has any faculty of appreciation can ever weary of it. "Savannah-la-Mar" is another of the same kind, and only just a little inferior. Now we conceive that in at least most cases the conception of such pieces as these was the beginning of De Quincey's work, and that their patching and tagging together into something that could bear, if not a connected sense, at any rate a single title, was mostly an afterthought. If the other way of composition was adopted, and the purple passages developed themselves out of the theme, then De Quincey must have had an almost unique faculty of forgetting his general subject and concentrating himself upon his special.

These intricacies of inquiry, however, are not of general interest, nor perhaps of very much importance. The key to De Quincey's "mind and art," a key which has been for the most part strangely neglected, has always seemed to us to lie in those passages of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* where he is introduced. The most "daemonic" part of Wilson's demonic faculty was this knack of divining and expounding his associates' natures. He did it with Hogg, very much refining and ennobling his subject, but, as the *Confessions of a Sinner* and *Kilmenny* show, interpreting, not inventing. In De Quincey's case—the case of a much more complex and more sophisticated genius than Hogg's—it is not certain that he has been quite so happy, but it is indisputable, we think, that he has hit true. And the main feature of his picture of De Quincey is, let it be remembered, precisely this habit of following up a side clue regardless altogether of the general and natural drift of the conversation. To quarrel with this discursiveness would be absurd, for without it we should have had, not De Quincey, but somebody else, another than he and probably not half so good. But it is undeniable that its results are unequal, and occasionally, except to the hardened and all-enduring critic or the wholly uncritical reader, somewhat trying. Therefore, to come back to our beginning, we are glad that Professor Masson has undertaken this task, and we hope that he will go on with it without thinking it necessary to fight out the definition of poetry with the aid of—who does the reader think?—John Stuart Mill. Now John Stuart Mill's opinion in matters poetical, we may just inform Mr. Masson in closing, is about as valuable as the opinion of John Keats would have been on a point of political economy or of inductive logic.

SIGNOR BONGHI ON ITALY AND ENGLAND.*

UNDER the title of *In viaggio da Pontresina a Londra* Signor Bonghi has written a book which, although a very short one, is in many ways interesting. As was to be expected from a man of his undoubted ability and varied acquirements, it shows throughout a keen observation and an exceptional knowledge of England, socially and politically. He has had, however, many rare advantages and opportunities offered him to study our manners and customs closely, for he was entertained whilst with us by many eminent personages, who helped him in making inquiries into the workings of our various institutions. Throughout his book Signor Bonghi contrasts what is good in our country with what is bad in his own, but we hope that he is over-severe with his compatriots, and occasionally forgets that Italy is at present only recovering from the effects of one of the most extraordinary revolutionary movements recorded in history, and that it will take a long time yet before her people can settle down and thoroughly realize all that they have achieved and all that remains for them still to effect. At the same time, Signor Bonghi does not allow himself to be carried away by his enthusiasm for England, and he foresees many dangers to which we are exposing ourselves by experimenting with certain so-called reforms which, he points out, have been tried in France and Italy with the reverse of success. This pleasant book consists of a series of letters addressed to a private friend, the first of which is written from Pontresina, and dated August 14, 1887, and in it he tells us that it is thirty years ago since he first visited this country. Great changes have taken place both in Italy and England since then, but the Italian statesman does not think that the majority of these changes have been for the best in either country. His strictures on the utter want of public spirit among the upper classes in Italy are very harsh, but, we fear, quite justifiable, and he contrasts their conduct with that of many of our own nobility and leading merchant princes who unquestionably do occupy their leisure with other things besides the mere pursuit of wealth and amusement. It was otherwise in old times, when the Italian nobles spent their fortunes in a princely fashion by erecting magnificent churches and other public buildings, and in adorning their own palaces with works of art. To-day they are the first to sell their heirlooms, and they do so less from necessity, we are assured, than from a vulgar and avaricious spirit. Indeed, not a few have disposed of their superb old furniture and even their family portraits for no other object than to refurbish their houses in the gaudy style of the fashionable upholsterers of Paris and Turin. Signor Bonghi attributes this deplorably mean spirit to the actual low tone of education in Italy. Young men of the better class are for the most part brought up in military colleges, where the discipline is good, but where religious and moral instruction is almost entirely ignored, with the result that all idealism is eliminated from the hearts of the rising generation, which is becoming daily more and more materialistic. When speaking of Oxford, Signor Bonghi becomes quite enthusiastic over the architectural magnificence of the colleges, and he praises us—we fear, more than we deserve—for the tact with which we "so carefully preserve the traditions of the past, and blend them with the demands of the present." In Italy it is otherwise. If Oxford or Cambridge were Italian Universities their chapels would be converted into museums, and their religious services suppressed, and the professor who would be most honoured and enjoy the greatest popularity would be the one who had most signalized himself by his "advanced views."

Signor Bonghi considers the curse of Italy at the present moment to be what he terms *le sette*—the sects or political parties—and he very justly observes that, if England is still a great nation, it is because she is the freest from party control, and that, although we may be politically subdivided, yet no one party ventures to exceed its legitimate bounds, and to interfere in purely religious and social matters. It is the contrary in Italy, where the party in power controls the press, forms public opinion, and even forces it to approve of acts which are arbitrary and unjust. Signor Bonghi is much interested in the question whether Catholicism in England has any inclination or colour different from what it has in Italy, and arrives at the conclusion that the Catholicism of the two countries in no way differs. The main "defect" of Catholicism, in his opinion, is its credulity, which accepts "facts or opinions wanting in foundation," and he thinks that English Catholic journals do not surpass the "intellectual value" of similar Italian publications. He is sorry to see, he says, so much that is good in England disappearing. He deplores the downfall of the barriers between class and class, and thinks that we have, as elsewhere in Europe, to use his own expression, "too many cooks" meddling in social and political affairs. An Englishman asked him if he liked England. "Yes," he replied, "even more than you do yourself." "How is that?" "I like England as it was thirty years ago, when I first visited it, far better than I do the England of to-day. You are making a new England. It will be more like the Continent, and I am not of opinion that the Continent is as beautiful and as perfect as some of your Radicals and so-called reformers think it is." Among the most interesting interviews quoted is one with Cardinal Manning.

His Eminence asked me if I believed that the unity of Italy was well rooted in men's minds. I said "Yes," and added it could not be otherwise.

* *In viaggio da Pontresina a Londra.* Milano: Ulisse Lombardi e C°. 1888.

wise. The dynasty, which by origin was foreign to all the Italian provinces save one, had acquired the affection and respect of the others, to which the present King as well as the Queen had contributed greatly. Then the economical advantages and the national dignity which unity had given us were felt more and more every day. The increased and increasing burden of the taxes was not a grievance sufficient to counterbalance such benefit. The Cardinal was convinced by my reply, and said that "there was a third reason, which as an Englishman he felt and appreciated strongly. It is that Italy, thus united, can defend her independence, which otherwise she could not do, and I know what it means to people to be independent and that it is able to defend its independence against all comers."

"Then your Eminence thinks that Rome cannot be restored to the Pope, and that the Pope must remain without temporal power?" "Oh, no," answered the Cardinal. "The Pope cannot remain without temporal power, nor separate himself from Rome."

"What, then, of the unity of Italy, the precious benefit which your Eminence recognizes?"

"I understand. Well, I don't know how the one thing can be reconciled with the other, and yet both must be. Italy cannot cease to maintain her unity, and the Pope cannot do without regaining Rome, and more or less of his former territory. Let time work."

"I could not get anything more out of him than this," says Signor Bonghi, "and the Cardinal confessed that he did not see clearly and did not know anything more."

It is, perhaps, a pity that this work, which in many ways is so entertaining and so interesting, is not of a character which would readily bear translation, for it can only be appreciated by those who are as thoroughly acquainted with Italy as they are with England.

BUNYAN.*

THE two hundredth anniversary of Bunyan's death on the 31st of last month was a fitting date for the publication of the volume of the "Great Writers" series which contains the story of his life and an estimate of his work. Canon Venables has made a special study of Bunyan's life and writings, and has contributed a careful and satisfactory account of them to the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Since he wrote his article the discovery of the warrant for Bunyan's arrest in March 1675 has confirmed the story of his second imprisonment, and has shown that there is no ground for refusing to believe that he owed his release to Owen's intercession with Bishop Barlow. Canon Venables adopts Mr. Brown's opinion that the *Pilgrim's Progress* was written during this imprisonment. While, as he acknowledges in a prefatory note, he has not been able to make any fresh discoveries, he has given a trustworthy and readable account of all that is known about Bunyan; he is in sympathy with his subject, and at the same time treats it with judgment and discrimination; insisting, for example, on the fact, often overlooked by Bunyan's admirers, that the judges who left him in prison were wholly guiltless in the matter; the blame "lay, if anywhere, with the law, not with its administrators." Bunyan had, however, good cause to complain of the harsh dealing of the county magistrates, who managed to prevent him from having a regular trial. His earnestness and courage, the extent and limitations of his powers of imagination and description, and his intense conviction of the reality of spiritual things are excellently brought out. Canon Venables should, we think, have said more about the position of the Nonconformists generally in Bunyan's time, and the feeling of the country with regard to them; very few of those who will read his book—and it deserves to have many readers—will know as much about these matters as he does. Here and there, too, his narrative would have been improved by compression. His critical remarks, if somewhat lacking in freshness, are sound and soberly expressed. He tells us that he has of set purpose given large—they are rather many than large—extracts from other authors. This is an error of judgment; every author should speak for himself in his own book, and Canon Venables certainly had no need to borrow other men's words, for he knows his subject thoroughly and has written very pleasantly upon it. Mr. Anderson has drawn up an admirable bibliography of Bunyan's works, and his compilation, which extends to thirty-five pages, adds much to the value of the volume.

PROTHERO'S ENGLISH FARMING.†

M R. PROTHERO, in this small volume, has produced a work equally opportune and unpretentious. He is modest enough to explain its publication at the present moment by the consideration that "in any Session of Parliament which is mainly devoted to British interests agriculture necessarily holds a prominent place." The modesty, though pleasing, is uncalled for; but the prediction has hardly been justified by the course of events. One topic only of the many treated by Mr. Prothero can be said to have seriously engaged the attention of Parliament during the present Session, and that in an altogether secondary sense. Still the falsification of the prediction put forward to

* *Great Writers—Life of John Bunyan.* By Edmund Venables, M.A., Precentor and Canon-residentiary of Lincoln Cathedral. London: Walter Scott. 1888.

† *The Pioneers and Progress of English Farming.* By Rowland E. Prothero, Barrister-at-Law and Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. London: Longmans & Co.; and New York. 1888.

explain its appearance in no sense diminishes the value of the work. The book divides naturally into three portions of somewhat unequal merit. The first eleven chapters are devoted to a sketch of the progress of English farming, from the earliest days of "self-sufficing farming" down to these latter days of "science with practice." The remaining chapters deal with a number of agricultural topics of conspicuous interest and importance at the present time, discussed in the light of the principles deduced from the past history of English agriculture. Mr. Prothero has further added—and the addition is by no means the least valuable portion of the book—a large number of statistical tables illustrative of the propositions maintained in the text.

It is to the first portion of the book that the historical economist will look with most interest, and he will meet, it is to be feared, with some amount of disappointment. A really satisfactory history of English agriculture remains to be written; and Mr. Prothero, to do him justice, makes no pretensions to have supplied the want. But for all that, slight as Mr. Prothero's sketch avowedly is, it leaves something to be desired even within its own limits. It aims at the same time at too much and too little. It is too technical for the general reader, too popular for the student, too abstract for the practical agriculturist. At one moment the author would seem to be writing for the farmer, at another for the layman, with the result that neither finds exactly that which satisfies him. The farmer recks but little of the precise position of the "villein" and the "bordarii"; the layman will display some little impatience at being called upon to discuss the mysteries of "fallows" and "alternations," of "hollow drainage" and "thorough drainage," of "marling," or "drilling," or "horse-hoeing." Notwithstanding, however, this initial imperfection, Mr. Prothero is, on the whole, to be congratulated on the performance of a task in itself none too easy. To be at once popular and scientific, to be accurate without being pedantic, and scholarly without being dull, is to have solved the most embarrassing of the problems which beset the bookmaker in an inquisitive, but at the same time indolent, generation. Clearly enough, but briefly and on a scale which will hardly satisfy the student, Mr. Prothero traces the transition from the self-sufficing farming which was characteristic of the middle ages, to the profit-gaining agriculture which really began to prevail in England during the Tudor period. Incidentally he touches on the vexed question of the manor, and the relation thereto of commoner and villein. Any exhaustive discussion of the many disputed points involved in the relation of the manor to the village community; any attempt to reconcile (after the manner of Mr. Seehom) the "historical" and the "legal" theory, would obviously be entirely beyond the scope and purpose of Mr. Prothero's book. But with his "rough" practical conclusion few will be disposed to quarrel. Whatever the theory, there can be little question as to the fact that "the immediate lordship of the land farmed by a village community, including the wastes and commons, was, after the Norman Conquest, vested in the lord of the manor, subject to regulated rights enjoyed by its members."

As for later times, we may notice the account (given in chapter vii.) of the extinction of peasant proprietors and the determination of the common-field system. There are perhaps few more debatable, certainly none more debated, chapters in English economic history than this last. It has long been the fashion to deplore the extinction in England of the sturdy independent yeoman, and to declaim against the injustice involved in the enclosure of the open fields. No doubt the effect of the change from the open-field system to enclosures upon the general condition of the labourer was bad, even disastrous; but, as Mr. Prothero points out with excellent common sense, it was a choice between individual losses and the national gain. The old system was no longer equal to the strain put upon it by the rapidly developing wants of the eighteenth century:—

The gigantic increase of the population, together with the withdrawal of a large part of the labouring classes from agriculture, demanded the utmost development of the resources of the soil. Small farmers and peasant occupiers were picturesque obstacles to improvement whose removal was necessary and inevitable.

Partisan prejudice has commonly represented enclosures as a "landlord's question." Mr. Prothero puts it on the right footing when he discusses it from the standpoint of national resources. To that supreme interest the less important interests, whether of landlord or farmer, must perforce give way. As a matter of fact, in the enclosure policy all these interests were demonstrably convergent. From the reports drawn up by the Commissioners appointed under the Board of Agriculture it is clear, not merely that the landlord got more rent from his land, but also that the tenant made vastly increased profits. These Reports "establish beyond all controversy the enormous advantages of enclosed over open field farms. Tenants lived comfortably on enclosed land, rented at 10s. 6d. an acre, who had starved on open farms at 2s. 6d. an acre; enclosed land was cheaper at 2s. than open land at 8s." At the same time Mr. Prothero does not blink the fact that the extinction of the open-field system and the enclosure of wastes and commons did press hardly on the poorest classes. While the landlord, the farmer, and the nation were all gainers, the "small common-field farmer" became a hind and landless labourer. Had the Enclosure Acts been accompanied by Acts securing to the commoners cottage gardens or cow-grass allotments much of the distress incidental to the

lot of the labourer during the first half of the present century might have been avoided.

While there is much of importance in the historical portion of Mr. Prothero's treatise, it is in the second portion, dealing with more immediately pressing agricultural problems, that popular interest will probably centre. Mr. Prothero here discusses a number of burning questions with admirable temper and good sense, and with an amount of economic knowledge fully adequate to the purpose in hand. There are few topics on which more nonsense is talked by over-educated doctrinaires and half-educated agitators than on that of peasant proprietors. No one doubts that the concentration of landed property in the hands of a small class is a great social evil, or at the least a serious political danger. But regarded economically, it would seem to have been in this country inevitable. For a long time past the economic tendency towards the aggregation of estates has been irresistible; landlordism, as Mr. Prothero puts it, is a "natural growth." Nor—economics apart—is the social argument in favour of the establishment of a peasant proprietary so overwhelmingly strong. Since the days of Sismondi and Mill the conditions of farming, as of everything else, have been revolutionized. The development of means of communication has put an end to self-sufficient farming, and under conditions such as those which prevail in England farming for profit is practically impossible for peasant owners. Nor can the example of foreign countries be any longer quoted as conclusive proof of the social advantages of peasant proprietorship.

But perhaps readers will turn with the greatest interest to Mr. Prothero's remarks on the nature and causes of recent agricultural depression. As he bluntly puts it, "the English landed interests waste their strength if they struggle for relief in the form of Protection, or the reduction of the tithe rent-charge. What chance have 38,000 landlords and 224,000 farmers of persuading twenty millions to pay 6d. for a loaf of bread which they can now purchase for 4½d.? For every one who says bread is too cheap there are a hundred who find it too dear." Politically, then, it is out of the question, and may be dismissed from the category of possible remedies. Nor could a real protective duty be relied upon to set the English corn-grower on his legs again. Mr. Prothero demonstrates this proposition with convincing force. He shows (1) that the period of the greatest distress in the whole history of English agriculture—the period between 1815 and 1845—was coincident with the period of most stringent protection to wheat; (2) that the protective system is "discredited by comparative failure on the Continent." There are few pages more suggestive for the distressed agriculturist of the present day than those in which Mr. Prothero examines in some detail the phenomena of the distress which succeeded immediately to the inflated prosperity of the Great War period. In Sussex—as we learn from evidence given before the Select Committee of 1821—rents fell, upon an average, 53 per cent.:—"Rents fell into arrear; tithes and poor-rate remained unpaid; improvements were discontinued; live stock dwindled, and gangs of poachers and depredators kept the country in continual alarm. Numerous tradesmen, innkeepers, and shopkeepers, who depended on farmers for their principal custom were involved in the same ruin." And yet those were the halcyon days of Protection. The more recent experience of France and Germany is not more encouraging for the Protectionist. The duty on foreign wheat imported into France was raised in 1887 to 8s. 9d. a quarter; but even this duty has not been found adequate to keep up the price of home-grown wheat, which is lower now than when the duty was first imposed. In the light of experience such as this Mr. Prothero wisely prefers to advise the English farmer to look for relief in other directions.

We would gladly, had space permitted, have followed him further into his many interesting disquisitions on present day agricultural problems and kindred topics. Admirable, for example, is his exposure of the ridiculous fallacy too long put off upon a gullible generation that property in land differs, in essence, from other kinds of property. As a whole his work is full of interesting matter, and its leading propositions are maintained with a temper and tact and good sense, so conspicuous as to lead us to anticipate with pleasure more elaborate and finished work on the same subject from the same pen.

THE ARYAN RACE.*

MR. MORRIS'S book, *The Aryan Race*, is, on the whole, a summary which readers who are interested in these peoples will find useful. We cannot well call the book an acquisition to scholars, because in his limited space Mr. Morris has not found room for indispensable references to authorities. When he quotes Mr. Morgan for the possessions of the Greek *γένος* (here called *gens*) we like not the security, and Sir George Cox's theory of the den of primitive Aryan man is only a theory, and is perhaps incapable of proof. This is unlucky, as Mr. Morris thinks that an exclusive and ferocious tenure of his den, or home, is "peculiarly Aryan. Its counterpart is found nowhere else in

the world." We have not tried the experiment of entering the den, or house, of any non-Aryan den-holder without his good will and permission, but we doubt if there is anything "peculiarly Aryan" in his determination to "defend it to the death, if need be." In fact, we doubt whether there is anything "peculiarly Aryan" in the world anywhere, except the general cleverness and tendency to advance which mark most peoples who speak what are called Aryan languages. If we ask them, in the words of the poet, "What made you so awfully clever?" no precise answer comes from any direction. The "Aryan Race" is not a race by natural type, as the negroes are, for example. Perhaps it cannot be called a "Race" at all (of which Mr. Morris is perfectly aware), it is only a convenient term for peoples who use a particular family of speech. What proportion of these peoples belong to what Mr. Morris apparently regards as a people originally of mixed negro and Mongolian stock, it is impossible to determine. As to the origin of the Aryans, they are "the central outcome of the races in which the special conditions of dark and light, North and South, emotional and practical, have mingled and combined into the highest and noblest state of mind and body." That may be so; one cannot marry negroes to Chinese ladies, leave the progeny on the slopes of the Caucasus, and judge the truth of the hypothesis by the results of the experiment. Mr. Morris goes into the familiar arguments about beech and birch, wolf and lion, and tries by such philological ventures to guess at the original home of the Aryans. He is in favour of South-Eastern Russia as

the home of the Aryans during their nomadic era, and the Caucasian mountain region as the locality in which they gained their fair complexion . . . perfected the Aryan method of language, learned the art of agriculture, and developed their political and religious ideas and organization.

As all the world knows, this is not the opinion of the original students and popularizers of the Aryan race; but Mr. Morris may be as nearly right as those earlier guessers. Perhaps he is too inclined to see "Aryanism" as something peculiar in character and evolution; but he shows that he is not ignorant of many institutions among more backward peoples which correspond to very early Aryan manners and ideas. The Aryans have been more democratic in their development, after passing out of the state of the "clan" (itself rather hard to define), than other stocks. Mr. Morris does not appear to us quite to understand the hypothesis of the clan as essentially prior to the family; but the people of whom he is writing had evolved the modern family in time so remote that this (even if our guess be correct) is of no practical importance. In the matter of *Jüngsten-Recht*, the heirship of the youngest, he appears to take but little interest. About early agriculture he chiefly follows the account of Sir Henry Maine, which at all events is lucid and attractive. To "the valuable work on Germany by Baring-Gould," a more complete reference would have been welcome. Mr. Morris knows something of village communities among the old native races of his own continent, and is aware that they "cannot be claimed as a peculiarly Aryan institution." His remarks on ancestor worship, and worship of elemental forces among Aryans are clear-headed, and for his purpose sufficient. Indeed, he shows much sense in avoiding pleasant excursions into debateable lands, and we have not observed that he often dogmatizes or writes without due distinctions and qualifications. How he knows that "in the primitive era they [the Aryans] had nothing that can fairly be called a mythology" we cannot imagine, because we have no evidence of any sort on the subject. But it is usual to be most positive in matters where least is positively known. In writing of Aryan literature Mr. Morris touches on the Homeric epics, and his brief remarks are as shrewd as if he had made a special study of a topic so distant from his main theme. He ends by attempting to see into the Aryan future. He appears to believe in a time of much greater equality than prevails at present, and, at the same time, in an approaching period of peace. We can hardly expect both forecasts to be verified. As the Highland bard says,

Lads, they'll need to fight
Before they trive ta peasties;

at least this is hoped by the owners of "ta peasties" and other property.

STATE PAPERS, 1536.*

THE latter half of the year 1536, the six months illustrated by the volume of State Papers before us, was an extremely critical period; for it was marked by the insurrection known as the "Pilgrimage of Grace." Mr. Gairdner points out in his preface how the hopes excited by the fall of Anne Boleyn were disappointed. Neither in Parliament nor in Convocation was any attempt made to revive the old order of things, and the new Articles, though Pole found in them "nothing much at variance with the Catholic standard" as regards doctrine, clearly indicated a complete renunciation of the Papal authority. Nor was

* *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII.* Arranged and catalogued by James Gairdner, Assistant Keeper of the Public Records, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. Vol. XI. London: Printed for H. M. Stationery Office by Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1888.

* *The Aryan Race.* By Charles Morris. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner. 1888.

the position of the King's elder daughter Mary bettered by the declaration of Elizabeth's illegitimacy; for she was forced to assent to the assertion that she had not been born in lawful wedlock. She was compelled to do this by cruel threats, the king declaring that he would "otherwise proceed by rigour of law against her," and sending to her the Duke of Norfolk and others, who told her that "if she was their daughter, they would beat her and knock her head so violently against the wall that they would make it as soft as baked apples." After she had yielded to the king's demand he showed her some favour, and in August, after the death of the Duke of Richmond, whom, it was believed, he "certainly intended to make his successor," Cromwell held out hopes to Chapuys that she would shortly be declared "heiress of the kingdom"; for the King said that he "felt himself already growing old, and doubted whether he should have any child by the Queen." Mary was at this time valuable, to quote Mr. Gairdner's words, "as a piece on the political chess-board." Both the Emperor and the King of France were bidding for Henry's help, and her hand was sought for Don Loys of Portugal and for the Duke of Angoulême. Henry was desirous to play the mediator between France and Spain, then at war with each other, and would not give any help to either side. Nevertheless, although he was indignant with Francis for commencing hostilities, he encouraged him to believe that he would help him; for he was anxious to persuade the King of France "not to condescend to any General Council without his consent." Greatly to his annoyance, Francis agreed to the Pope's summons to a Council at Mantua, and Henry accordingly found excuses for not sending men to the defence of Picardy; indeed, Chapuys believed that he would declare for the Emperor if he found him "gain some success." This, however, was not to be.

By the middle of the year considerable progress had been made in the work of suppressing the smaller religious houses, and on the 8th July Chapuys wrote—"it is a lamentable thing to see a legion of monks and nuns who have been chased from their monasteries wandering miserably hither and thither, seeking means to live, and several honest men have told me that, what with monks, nuns, and persons dependent on the monasteries suppressed, there were over twenty thousand who knew not how to live." Although this statement is, no doubt, exaggerated, it proves that in many cases no provision was made for the support of the dispossessed monks, as provided by the Act for the suppression, and that great hardship resulted from this breach of the law. Several monasteries, as will be seen here, received a licence of continuance. But their number was small compared with that of the houses already suppressed, and "as yet not half the work could have been done." In the North the proceedings of the Commissioners were regarded with bitter indignation. When a party of them came to Hexham they "found many armed men in the streets; the common bell of the town was rung, and then the great bell of the monastery." As they drew near to the church, one of the canons appeared "in harness" on the leads and told them that there were twenty brethren within who would all die before they should have their house. On this the Commissioners departed. The discontent was aggravated by the belief that the King was about to seize "all the jewels and goods of the churches," and put the people to "new charges." When the Commissioners for the subsidy came to Caistor in Lincolnshire, the inhabitants declared that "they would pay no more silver, and caused the bells to ring 'a larome.'" Twenty thousand men were gathered at Louth, and the number of the insurgents was soon doubled. They declared that they were loyal to the King, and demanded that the Church of England should have its privileges "without any exactation," that the suppressed monasteries should be restored, that such of the King's advisers as were "procurers to undo both Church and Commons" should be given up to them or banished, and that the taxes should be lightened. The country gentlemen seem to have been easily persuaded to take the rebels' oath, and Lord Hussey of Sleaford, who should have kept the peace of the shire, remained still, and would not commit himself to either side. Some deeds of violence were done; the Bishop's chancellor was murdered, one of Cromwell's servants was hanged, and another "baited to death with dogs, with a bull skin upon his back, with many rigorous words against Cromwell." Henry summoned an army to meet him at Ampthill, but the vigorous measures taken by the Earl of Shrewsbury and the Duke of Suffolk took the heart out of the insurrection, and when Lancaster Herald brought the rebels the King's proclamation, "most dispersed, and the rest offered to submit."

As soon as the Lincolnshire rebellion had subsided, tidings were sent to the Council "declaring the greater part of Yorkshire to be up and the whole country to favour their opinions." At the head of the rebels was Robert Aske, "chief captain," as he called himself, "of Marshland, the Isle, and Howdenshire, who published articles demanding the restoration of the monasteries and the repeal of the Act of Usages, setting forth that it was commonly believed that a tax was to be levied on cattle, and complaining of the low-born counsellors about the King. The rebels were received into York "with procession," and Lord Darcy, of whose treasonable conduct there can be no doubt, delivered Pomfret to them. We have an interesting account, already printed in the *Archæologia*, of the interview between Aske and Lancaster Herald, who was sent to make a proclamation of pardon. But Aske would not allow him to read his proclamation. Affairs were in a most critical state; for the rebels num-

bered about forty thousand men, "all the flower of the North," and there were many delays and difficulties in gathering and equipping the King's forces. Queen Jane is said to have knelt "before the King, and begged him to restore the abbeys; but he told her, prudently enough, to get up, and he had often told her not to meddle with his affairs, referring to the late Queen, which was enough to frighten a woman who is not very secure." When Norfolk reached Doncaster, he found that he was overmatched, and that his soldiers were not to be depended upon. He was, therefore, "inforced to appoint with the rebels," and to persuade them to disperse by publishing the King's pardon. A temporary peace was thus made, and Henry with his own hand drew out a remarkably able answer to the rebels' complaints. But the insurrection was not over, and he became extremely irritated at meeting with such stubborn resistance. Norfolk had informed him, with startling frankness, that he should count it no "distayne" to his honour to make promises to the rebels with the intention of breaking them. In answer the King bade him be careful that the royal honour should remain "untouched." If the conference that was about to be held at Doncaster should fail, his lords were to see that he should not appear to give way. He would promise a pardon and a Parliament, but declared that he would never surrender the abbeys, to which, he said, he was "as justly entitled as to the Crown." Moreover, he held that "his honour would be much touched if no man was reserved to punishment." The lords, however, published a pardon without exceptions. Among other matters of special interest we have Bishop Tunstall's letter rebuking Pole for his book *De Unitate*, and Pole's letter to the King refusing "temerariously to cast himself away"—by obeying his summons to come to England. Pole declared that all he had said in his book was true, and told Tunstall that he did not believe that he had read it. Strenuous efforts were made to dissuade him from attending the Pope's Council, and he describes, in an interesting letter to Cardinal Contarini, how deeply he had been moved by the remonstrances of his mother and brother, and how nearly he had yielded to them. In a notice of his creation as Cardinal it is stated that the Northern insurgents begged the Pope to confer the honour upon him, and to send him into England as legate. Mr. Gairdner hopes to discuss Pole's correspondence in the preface to a future volume. Some of the reports of the examinations of men who were called upon to give evidence about the risings are full of life, and there is a curious account of an interview between Lord Darcy and Somerset Herald, in which Darcy, while professing that he had been true to the King, virtually acknowledged that he had pledged himself to be true to Aske. A few minor matters are perhaps worth noticing, such as the impossibility of getting good ink in France; the complaint of François Regnault, sworn bookseller to the University of Paris, who had a house of business in England and printed missals and such like books, and who had heard that the English booksellers wished to have his trade stopped, and the books he had in stock confiscated; and, lastly, the recommendation of a lady's maid "which is a good needlewoman, and can embroider very well, and do anything your Ladyship will put her to" for forty shillings a year and "a livery." Mr. Gairdner has as usual done his work exceedingly well; he has stated the contents of the papers clearly and briefly, and at the same time in a lively fashion, and has supplied a sufficient commentary on them in his preface.

WALLACE'S INDIA IN 1887.*

WE are so accustomed to the book, pamphlet, or magazine article, certain to make its appearance when the average tourist or member of Parliament has "done" India between October and April, that this work excites no surprise. The ordinary tourist is compelled to write something very much as Mr. Tupman learnt to let off his fowling-piece without harm to himself or others. But Mr. Wallace is not an ordinary tourist. In the first place, he had devoted much time and attention to the practical study of agriculture in Great Britain. In the second, for some mysterious reason, he selected for his Indian tour the very portion of the whole year when most men, if they were able, would leave the plains of India for England or the Hills. Perhaps this was unavoidable, but few people travelling for pleasure, profit, or instruction, would choose the hot weather and the rainy season for their experiments. However, Mr. Wallace wanted to judge for himself what fruits the Agricultural College of Cirencester had borne; what was the system of cropping adopted by Ryots with their primitive implements; what had been done by the Government to improve agriculture by the establishment of model farms, the importation of fresh stock for breeding, and the institution of prizes; and what more remained to be done. With this view the author travelled 13,000 miles by rail; inspected farms; took photographs of various beasts; picked the brains of civilians and staff officers; perused bulky reports; saw the indigenous plough and harrow in action, and even managed to drive the plough himself. The result of these operations

* *India in 1887*. As seen by Robert Wallace, Professor of Agriculture and Rural Economy in the University of Edinburgh. With Plates and other Illustrations. Edinburgh : Oliver & Boyd. London : Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Calcutta : Thacker, Spink, & Co. Bombay : Thacker & Co. (Lim.) 1888.

is contained in a volume of nearly 450 pages, in which there is nothing about the stock subjects of architecture, religion, chronology, and history, and very little about politics, except when they come naturally from the context. But Mr. Wallace must not imagine that he has written standard work on his own special subject. He has travelled over a large area and got together a good number of facts. Many of his observations show intelligence. A good deal of his information is derived from trustworthy official sources. But not a few of his remedies are premature or impracticable, and he must not be carried away by the delusion that, because he has studied the rotation of crops and varieties of food that make muscle or bone in English cattle, he is in consequence justified in laying down the law to be followed by the Jat cultivators of Upper India, the Talukdars of Oudh, and the Zemindars of Lower Bengal.

The institution of a separate department of Agriculture, with a permanent secretary and a staff of directors and subordinates, in each Presidency and province, is due entirely to Lord Mayo. This department has not had a career of unbroken progress and prosperity. It has undergone divers changes. It has had thrust on it reports on boundaries and the duties of Patwaris that belong to the department of Revenue. At one period, if we mistake not, notes on harbours and other marine matters were considered to be "agricultural." Money has been spent, not always profitably, on English bulls, high-priced seeds, Scotch potatoes, and machinery of the latest and most improved type. Ploughs that Ryots could not purchase, stallions that would not breed, mares that were never in foal, seeds that would not germinate, sugar-mills that cost hundreds of rupees, were imported and kept and distributed to little purpose. Such failures are inevitable, and lead to eventual successes. The Agricultural Department has now been remodelled, and is under the guidance of officers of larger experience than Mr. Wallace seems ready to allow. In truth, the intimate connexion of revenue with agriculture, of the Ryot's daily work with the replenishing of the General Treasury, of a judicious and equitable Settlement of the Land-tax with a successful administration and with contentment and order, has raised up in almost every generation of Anglo-Indians a race of officials from whom Mr. Wallace might learn a good deal. It was the main duty of men employed in the assessment and collection of the revenue to study the varieties of crops and the different qualities of the soil, to collect and verify statistics about wells, tanks, native modes of cultivation; to ascertain accurately, before they assessed a village community, *quid queque ferat regio, et quid queque recuset*; to know the prices ruling in the chief bazaars, and the modes of communication by boat, bullock-cart, and camel; to be familiar with the reasons for burning the jungle, and the causes of the sterility of the *Reh*; in short, to be able to tell fairly what various rates might be imposed on rice, millet, wheat, and garden land, without unfairness to the cultivator or loss to the State. Very likely Settlement officers such as John Lawrence, James Thomason, and Robert Montgomery were not "practical chemists." But they had a clear perception of what made the difference between a good and a bad harvest, of the classification of soils, and of careless and skilled husbandry, and they have handed down their traditions to new generations who have graduated in the same school. It is also perfectly certain that all attempts at improvements would have to be adapted to the different tenures prevalent in the different parts of India. No administrator would set to work exactly in the same way with the village communities of Upper India, the Ryots of Madras, who are tenants from the State *a capite*, and the Zemindars of Bengal and Behar. When Mr. Wallace calls out for a "specialist" to be placed at the head of his pet agricultural schemes, he should remember that such an official would be entirely dependent on the local Collectors and Settlement officers for the working out of any new scheme. It must suit the wants and be adapted to the position of large owners, independent tenant-proprietors, and cultivating co-parceners. There is not the faintest indication in these pages that Mr. Wallace has acquired an elementary acquaintance with the commonest principles of any Indian assessment, or that he knows the distinction between a Taluk and a Zemindari, between a *Bhayachara* tenure and a *Nijote*.

At the same time, we give Mr. Wallace great credit for his appreciation of the skill, perseverance, and industry of the native agriculturist and of the marvels which he has accomplished by apparently rude implements without the aid of machinery and steam. It has been the fashion to talk of a Ryot as if he was a mere savage, using no manures, ignorant of the capacities of the land on which his family has been settled for generations, scratching a few lines on the surface of the soil, and leaving Indra, the Rain-God, to do the rest. Those who have studied native agriculture long before Mr. Wallace looked at it, think otherwise. The Ryot knows how soon he must sow after rain, how water can be stored and its distribution regulated, where and how he is to rear not only the common food-grains, but the higher kinds of produce, such as sugar-cane, jute, tobacco, and *pám*. Mr. Wallace in his brief experience made the fortunate discovery that the native plough, in the owner's hands, did exactly what was wanted. Deep ploughing in many soils would be a mistake. English ploughs have been rejected by the ryot, not from prejudice, but from a sound instinct that they were not needed. In one instance the English implement, known as the Stormont, had no chance with the indigenous article from the bazaar. In

another case, not mentioned by the author, deep ploughing reached a stratum of earth which, when turned up, proved positively hurtful. It is, we repeat, creditable to such a self-reliant individual as the author, that in this respect he discovered at once that he had more to learn than to teach. Mr. Wallace's book is adorned with copious illustrations of cattle, goats, carts, and all kinds of implements used in Indian husbandry. Unfortunately, the pictures are blurred and indistinct, and quite as often tend to perplex as to assist the reader. The illustrations of plants, cereals, and grasses are, however, very good; but, then, they were drawn and not photographed. Mr. Wallace should beware of laying too much stress on isolated facts. India is a big country, of varying climates, processes, schools of thought, and opinions. For instance, he mentions a case where ploughing for the second crop, after the harvesting of the first, was delayed purposely, because the Ryots thought that early ploughing made the crop luxuriant in the beginning and weak in the end, and he supplements this asserted fact by some scientific remarks about "liberated nitrogenous manurial substances." In all probability the author mistook his informants, or has no need to credit the Ryot with pedantic knowledge. The plain English of this discovery is that every Ryot knows exactly when to plough and to sow. The critical moment is when, after rain, the ground contains the requisite degree of moisture—neither too much nor too little. In many seasons we scarcely knew the Ryot's instinct to fail. He always ploughed at the right moment. The custom of putting milch kine to draw the plough did not escape the author's notice; but he apparently was not told that to this pernicious custom has been ascribed the deterioration of the calves in the Gangetic Delta. In one passage he seems to ascribe the poor condition of the cattle in a fine district of Lower Bengal to the want of a natural supply of good food. Unluckily for his theory, the district is one where grasses are most rich, succulent, and plentiful. We rather demur to the author's dictum that cattle disease is in India of a milder type than in England. We lately read some official returns which told a very alarming tale of attacks and deaths from anthrax, rinderpest, and smallpox. Mr. Wallace, we repeat, should not be in such a hurry to generalize. Neither does he do well to sneer at the knowledge of military men in Staff employ when placed in charge of the Government stud. Some of these officers were admirable judges of horseflesh, and, according to Mr. Weller's dictum, were, in consequence, able to form "an accurate judgment" of anything—at least, of all that went to the breeding and rearing of cattle. The late Colonel Apperley, as became the son of "Nimrod," one of the best judges of his day, was certainly not the last of the race.

It was not sufficient for Mr. Wallace to take in hand the very wide, diversified, and important subject of agriculture. He has a word to say on the Forest Department. He has arrived at the conclusion that, travelling in his non-official position, he had "very exceptional opportunities of seeing how the forest regulations pressed unnecessarily on the people and of hearing their bitter and oftentimes well-founded complaints." Mr. Wallace's opportunities were neither more nor less than those of any educated or intelligent traveller who in a visit of four months asks an endless lot of questions, and often gets the answers which the person interrogated thinks likely to suit the questioner. Mr. Wallace may rely on it that in this, as in every other department, the Government is anxious to reconcile the claims of local prescription with State property, and to allow cattle to graze in certain specified areas. The idea of the author hearing bitter complaints which must have been uttered in the Bengali, Hindi, Marathi, and Guzerati dialects, and then deciding offhand that "they were well founded," is, of course, absurd.

Notwithstanding these offhand opinions there is much that may be turned to account in this book. Agriculture is, of course, the one great industry in India, which neither time nor change of dynasty, nor revolution, nor war, nor famine, have materially impaired. And it is for Government to show in various ways how it can be stimulated so as to keep up to the level of a dense population. Hitherto Directors of Agriculture in the various provinces have issued excellent but long-winded reports containing the history of some successes and of many failures. Sometimes some wonderful importation, live-stock or seed, was ill suited to the climate. Sometimes seeds sprouted and, like that in the parable, died away because they had no soil and no moisture, or because the particular soil did not suit. It was, however, discovered that when a crop could be raised from imported seed, the produce of that crop became acclimatized. Here and there a Government farm has been given up or its area has been contracted. But it is through such ventures that the Anglo-Indian administrator achieves his real triumphs. Perhaps the most gratifying feature of the Agricultural Department is, that some rich and influential natives have begun to inquire and act for themselves. In the North-Western Provinces there is an association of native gentlemen, who have their rules of membership, their rivalries and shows, their gigantic sugar-canies, and their prize bullocks. A native gentleman in Madras has distinguished himself by farming some 4,000 acres of land with a perseverance and a skill which the Zemindars in Behar and Bengal Proper would do well to imitate. There is no Province in India where, if a landholder chose to make experiments, he would do so with greater facilities. Land in Bengal is constantly thrown up by death or desertion, and any Zemindar so minded has, besides, half-a-dozen modes of acquiring small holdings and cultivating them by

his own hired servants. *Khas Kamar* land, i.e. land in the Zamindar's own possession, well tilled and looked after, would be worth all the platform sputtings in the world. It has also been remarked that exhibitions and shows are not mere pageantry. If the samples grown and exhibited are occasionally above the standard of the ordinary cultivator or the substantial tenant-proprietor, still they do raise that standard. And prize days bring together the Englishman and the native, the magistrate and the *Bunnea*, on a common ground of enjoyment and interest. Politically it is desirable that the official and the native community should meet in other places than the *kutcherry*. A gala day in Upper or Central India, in the splendid climate of December or January, supplies a want, and breaks down that formal, frigid, ceremonial intercourse which is observed when the rich Mahajan pays a visit to the Magistrate, or the Commissioner notifies his intention of returning the Raja's call. The Government of India has only to pursue its path of experiment, advice, and illustration, at the very reasonable expenditure of a few lacs of rupees; and out of blunders it will achieve triumphs, and, if Virgil can be trusted, *ex imbre* it may eventually discern *soles et aperta serena*, by no doubtful signs.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

ALTHOUGH a good deal has been written about the Transcaspian railway, a volume in readable French by a man who has special knowledge (for M. Boulangier is a civil engineer) and is yet not too desperately specialist, is welcome (1). M. Boulangier's journey took place two years ago, and General Annenkoff's remarkable and very creditable piece of work has made considerable progress since that. But the author has taken pains to write up his information in most cases, so that his book is by no means behind the times. We say in most cases, for we note one remarkable exception. M. Boulangier contrasts the refusal of the Indian Government to allow (or, rather, to persuade the Ameer to allow) M. Bonvalot and his companions to enter Afghanistan with the politeness of the Russians to himself and others. As it happens, he himself records an instance where a German doctor was refused a ticket to Merv; but this is less remarkable than his omission to mention that this very Bonvalot expedition, after being kindly or unkindly permitted by the Russians to try the wilds of the Pamir, got into hopeless trouble and owed liberty and probably life to the good offices of the Simla authorities. However, this does not matter much. The Russians, as they almost invariably are when there is no motive to be otherwise, were thoroughly kind and polite to M. Boulangier, and in return he is certain that the "Transcaspian" has put the keys of the world in their hands, and that though they have the best intentions, and never would dream of attacking India unprovoked, England must "accept the hand loyally tendered"—in other words, let them do what they like in Europe, or take the consequences. Well, well, we shall see; and it would be worse than foolish either to be angry or to argue with M. Boulangier. His account of the actual construction of the famous line is at once intelligently technical and readably popular. That construction, as he points out, was facilitated by many important conditions—such as the employment of military labour at hardly any extra expense, the dead flatness of the country, the absence, except in the case of the Murghab and the Oxus, of any rivers requiring elaborate bridges, the abundance of cheap and portable fuel, and so forth. But it was really a feat, not so much in the vanquishing of difficulties as in the intelligent application of means in the best way. The book is, as is always the case with Messrs. Hachette's travel-books, copiously and capitally illustrated.

The ingenuous solemnity of youth is the cause of one of the most malicious, but not one of the least keen pleasures of old age. This pleasure may be (and has been) enjoyed by the decrepit in a very small pamphlet by M. Charles Morice. M. Morice (2), it seems, is just going to produce a book on the "Literature of the Moment," and he addressed to that kindly veteran (a man of forty-four, as Marianne Dashwood knew, is a veteran, and no mistake), M. Anatole France, the following alarming string of questions:

Que pensez-vous que doive être la littérature de demain, celle qui n'est qu'en germe encore dans les essais des jeunes gens de vingt à trente ans ? Où va-t-elle sous les influences contraires qui se la partagent (idéalistes—positivisme, patriottisme esthétique et philosophique—lettres et doctrines étrangères, objectivisme—subjectivisme, doctrine de l'exception—triomphe de la démocratie, etc.) ? Est-ce un bien ou un mal, ce manque de groupement qui la caractérise ? N'y-a-t-il pas une scission profonde entre les traditions dont la littérature a vécu jusqu'ici et les symptômes nouveaux qu'on pressent plutôt qu'on ne pourraient les définir ? Voyez-vous un bon ou un mauvais signe en cette maîtrise de tous les arts, y compris celui d'écrire, par la critique moderne ? Enfin, où est l'avenir ?

M. France replied, it is not surprising to hear, "avec un peu d'ironie," but, from the extracts given, very sensibly, on the whole, and not nearly so mercilessly as he might. But he wrote, as M. Morice, the serious young man, complains, "sans entrer à proprement parler, dans le sujet même du débat;" and M. Morice criticizes the criticism—still before bringing out *La littérature de tout à l'heure*, for which we pant like the hart for cooling

streams. For ourselves, we confess that, if he had asked us the question or questions, we should have had much less mercy on him than M. France. You may, if Providence has not made you a creator, and even if it has, study with much advantage the literature of the past; and it is in more than one sense profitable to study, as a critic, the literature of the present. But as for the literature of the future, the future shall look after that. And, speaking as nothing if not critical ourselves, we can assure M. Morice that, when it pleases Providence, or any synonym for that Power which he prefers, to start another such period of creation as those of a hundred years ago in Germany, of eighty years ago in England, of sixty years ago in France, the *maîtrise* of all the arts by our respected fraternity will disappear, and the real *maîtres*, the creators, will appear. Nor will you make them appear by taking thought about it; no, not one second sooner. And these are the words of the critic.

M. Morillon (3), who was practically concerned in the matter, gives a very minute and interesting account, with tables of prices and so forth, of the efforts made to virtual and revictual Paris during before and after the siege of eighteen years since. He also draws some useful conclusions for future use. The book is one of those which almost at once take rank as authorities on their subject, and it is as readably arranged and written as it is full of facts and warnings.

M. Ferrière (4), though admitting the necessity of a first cause, argues at great length for the "functional" view of the soul as opposed to the ordinary spiritualist or animist sense of a "spiritual substance whose seat is in the brain," or elsewhere. But, though not exactly a materialist, he seems to us not to have escaped the common materialist fallacy of "confusing the kinds" and subjecting spiritualist theory to materialist tests.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

EDITED by Mr. Caine, M.P., his son-in-law, *Hugh Stowell Brown: a Memorial Volume* (London: Routledge), presents a brisk and taking sketch of a personality that was vigorous and interesting, if a trifle vulgar, and exerted a certain influence over a not inconsiderable number of decent human beings. Hugh Stowell Brown, indeed, was in more ways than one the *beau idéal* of a middle-class Nonconformist minister. He had plenty of shrewdness, plenty of earnestness, plenty of energy and character; his speech was plain, blunt, forcible, and direct; he had humour of a kind, and he could learn as well as teach; it is not surprising that he conquered popularity and commanded respect. His story, as told by himself, is very well worth reading, as are the extracts from his commonplace-book with which his editor has eked out the volume. His solicitude for plain, correct, and living English is amusingly shown in more places than one. "Have just gone through the painful operation," he says, of hearing a certain Secretary (S. S. Union) "read his unaspirated report," and babble fluently of a "Picnic on the Overton 'ills; 200 voices made the 'ills resound with the 'armony of their 'ymns." The English language without the *h*, he goes on to remark, is "perfectly 'orrible"; he confesses that the effect upon him of "such speaking as that of this wretch is unbearable"; and he concludes with noting that "such speaking should be avoided, because it is to the hearer an occasion of sin." Again, he is found quoting—it is to be presumed, with approval—the story of the Oxford man who preferred a country walk to going to church, on the ground that he would rather be taught by stones than by sticks; asking if "the name Good Templar" be not "very complacently self-righteous"; citing, as a good specimen of "bubble," the "man at our prayer meeting" who, after praising God for caring "even for the sparrows," added "which we commonly consider to be a nuisance"; and crying out against the fashion of cheap bookbinding which obliged him to be content with George Herbert in blue and gold. There is plenty of illiberality as well, it may be; but it is all not insignificant—it is most of it either interesting or amusing.

Among recent verse mention may be made of Mr. Edward Foskett's very mild and unexciting little romance in couplets, *The Window in the Rock* (London: Simpkin), which tells how an old gentleman related the tragic story of his love to a much younger man, and then solemnly expired upon the spot, after some seventy years of fidelity to the Object's memory. Another noble and impressive work is the *Perla: a Legend of Tequendama* (London: Wyman) of Mr. Edward White Bewley. It records the adventures of a father (Snowbeard, the name of him) and his lovely daughter. They are a kind of fish-folk, and when, after traversing the Atlantic on a raft, they get to the other side, they are at once recognized by their "odour, figure, face," as the "offspring of some unknown race." The youth who thus accosts them is a gay hunter called Ibo, and he and Perla fall in love at first sight. Presently, after a battle with a host of marauders—of whom it is told that,

In previous incursions they had been
Successful in fast swarming on the green—

Perla takes it into her head that she and Ibo may not marry.

(3) *L'approvisionnement de Paris en temps de guerre*. Par A. Morillon. Paris: Perrin.

(4) *La vie et l'âme*. Par Emile Ferrière. Paris: Alcan.

(1) *Voyage à Merv*. Par Edgar Boulangier. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *Demain. Questions d'esthétique*. Par Charles Morice. Paris: Perrin.

She is deeply agitated for a moment, but soon recovers herself, or, as the poet puts it :

And then, the creeping feelings of despair to smother,
"At least I may regard him as my only brother."

Even this was not to be, however. Ibo married some one else, and Perla, "leaving quite early for the mountain side," let out a river on the plain and nearly drowned the whole community. This made Snowboard very angry; and says he to his erring child,

Though I adore
You still, henceforth within the moon your home :

whereupon she began ascending "sylph-like towards the blue ethereal dome," and, after "gliding up a lunar rainbow span," fell in with "a swansdown cloud," and so vanished and was seen no more. One consequence (says our poet, bursting into small capitals) of her tampering with the river was the formation of

The giant beauty famed on every shore,
GRAND TEQUENDAMA FALL ;

another (which she could hardly have foreseen, or she might have stayed her hand) the production of the present work.

With the issue of the Fifteenth Part of *Mr. Punch's Victorian Era* (London: Bradbury), one of the best of reprints is brought to a fitting close. It presents us with an index, a prefatory note, and a good-enough portrait of Mr. F. C. Burnand; and therewithal a sufficiency of cartoons—by Messrs. Sambourne, Tenniel, and Du Maurier—to bring the total number of reproductions to close upon a thousand. The first (24th June, 1885) pictures the bows of the *Britannia* with the Ship's Carpenter (Lord Salisbury) and the Handy Boy (Lord Randolph) engaged in repairs. The last, "After the Jubilee" (30th July, 1887), shows us the British Lion, "rather limp," congratulating himself on the success of the Jubilee proceedings, and determining to get back to business. Between the two there is a vast amount of Lord Randolph—as Puck, as Jack Sheppard, as Mr. Merriman, as Mephistopheles—of Lord Salisbury, of Mr. Gladstone: with a few touches of Prince Bismarck, Sir W. V. Harcourt, Lord Hartington, and others, a reminiscence or two of Lord Beaconsfield; to say nothing of John Bull and the British Lion in various predicaments and disguises, the Jubilee fantasies of Mr. Du Maurier and Mr. Sambourne, and the latter artist's pleasant (if a trifle elaborate) "Art in Olympus."

In *Unnoticed Analogies* (London: Kegan Paul), described as "A Talk on the Irish Question," James, a tame and foolish Unionist, and Andrew, a long-winded but well-meaning Separatist, discourse of matters far above their comprehension, in a style that reminds one of Sir Pitt Crawley (second of that name), the heroic Jawkins, and a lecture on political economy at a Mechanics' Institute; the author is Mr. Robert Oliver. Sir Robert Morier's *Local Government in England and Germany* (London: Cassell) is reprinted in a cheap form from "The Cobden Club Series" on Local Government. Of *A Few Plain Truths about India* (London: Thacker) we shall only say that the author is Sir Richard Garth, Q.C. (late Chief Justice of Bengal), and that, whether we accept his conclusions or reject them, it is impossible not to admire the spirit in which his work is done, or to refuse attention to his facts.

We have also received *The Hallowing of Work* (London: Rivingtons), an exemplary little volume, containing five addresses delivered by Canon Paget in the Chapel of Eton College at a meeting of public school masters; *An Utopian Dream* (London: Kegan Paul), by Anna Swanwick, which consists of a lecture and a series of appendices on the subject of reform at the East End, with special reference to the Royal Victoria Hall; a good, clear, and workmanlike translation (from the French text) of *The Ottoman Penal Code* (London: Clowes), by Mr. C. J. Walpole; *Chivalry and Self-Knowledge* (London: Simpkin), two pleasant lectures delivered "under the auspices of the Rock Ferry Literary Society," by the Rev. W. L. Paige Cox; *Many Dimensions* and *The Education of the Imagination* (London: Sonnenschein), by C. H. Hinton, being the seventh and eighth of the author's *Scientific Romances*; *Another World* (London: Sonnenschein), in which Dr. A. T. Schofield, inspired by the study of *Flatland*, discusses the possibilities of the Fourth Dimension; *Our Home, Our Pets, and Our Friends* (London: Routledge), a book of mild verses by Mrs. Sale Barker, and milder pictures by A. W. Cooper; *The Little One's Own Souvenir* (London: Dean), which contains some four hundred "chromo pictures by eminent artists," and "over three hundred original tales in prose and verse"; *Little T's Stories* (London: Dean), by L. Fayle and J. Leask, a work which is feeble beyond the feebleness of infancy; *Memorials of the Scottish House of Gourlay* (Edinburgh: privately printed), by the Rev. Charles Rogers, which will be found useful by antiquaries, and interesting by members of the sept; the eighth part of *Men and Women of the Day* (London: Bentley), with capital portraits of Dr. Grace, Miss Helen Mather, and Lord Justice Cotton; the fifth and revised edition of Mr. Alfred Chapman's treatise, *Income-tax, and How to get it Refunded* (London: Effingham Wilson); the fifteenth edition of Mr. John Pearce's *The Merchant's Clerk* (London: Effingham Wilson); and the second edition, revised and rewritten, of Mr. Miller Christy's capital *Bird's-Nesting and Bird-Skinning* (London: Fisher Unwin).

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